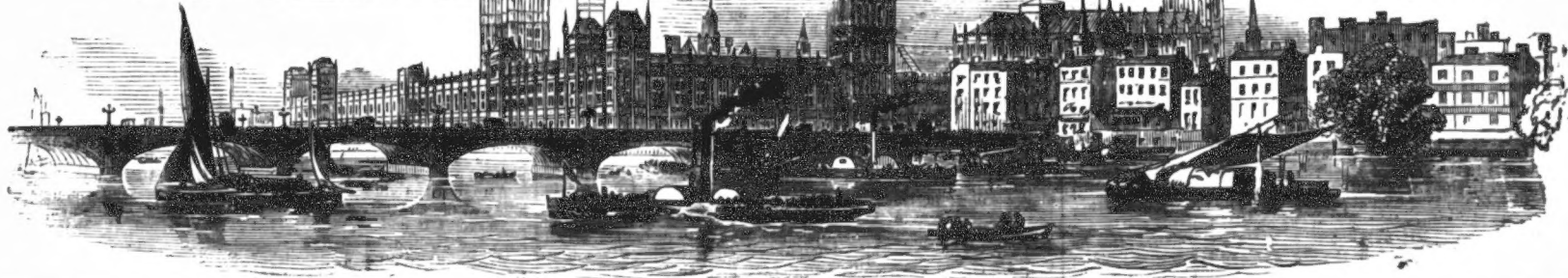


John Duck R 313 Strand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER AT LEWES.—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE COUNTY HALL. (See page 339.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday evening Mr. John Humphreys, coroner, held an inquiry at the Lord Nelson Tavern, Gill-street, Limehouse, touching the death of a man unknown, who was found burnt on a brick-kiln. Adam Kingsley, a labourer, said that on the previous Friday morning, at seven o'clock, he found the body of the deceased lying on a brick-kiln on Mr. Cotton's estate, Limehouse. He was quite dead, and his limbs were burnt. It appeared as if he had gone there to sleep the previous night on account of the cold weather. He looked as if he had been in a destitute state, and he was very poorly clad. Frederick Floyd, 444 B, said that he had searched the deceased, and found nothing whatever on him except two duplicates, the one being that of a jacket pledged for 4s. near B. unswick-square, in the name of Sullivan; and the other that of a long plane pawned in the same neighbourhood for 2s. The name on the latter ticket was "John Smith." He was no doubt a carpenter, but his identity could not be ascertained. Dr. Nightingale said that deceased had no doubt been suffocated by carbonic acid gas before the fire attacked his legs. It was certain death to go to sleep on a brick-kiln. Verdict, "Death from suffocation by carbonic acid gas."

On Saturday morning a burglary was committed on the premises of Mr. L. Hasluck, watchmaker, &c., of 254, Tottenham-court road, and property to the value of 1,200*l.* carried away. On the previous evening Mr. Hasluck went out with his large house dog, and whilst out, went into the Roebuck, at the corner of London-street, leaving the dog outside. On reaching home he observed that the dog appeared very unwell, but he went to bed, and a few hours after he went down stairs to see how the dog was, and hearing it lapping water, he considered it had recovered, and returned to his bed. In the morning, however, he found the dog lying at the bottom of the stair quite dead, and then discovered that his house had been entered by burglars, and property consisting of gold and silver watches, chains, &c., to the above amount stolen. The entrance was believed to have been effected by the thieves at the back of the premises, and there is no doubt that the dog had been poisoned. The burglary must have taken place between five and six o'clock in the morning.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

A LETTER from New York of the 21st has the following:—"Another drawn battle has to be added to the many indecisive conflicts of the war. General Longstreet, at the head of the army until recently commanded by General Early, attempted, in the morning of Wednesday, the 19th, to drive General Sheridan from the Valley of the Shenandoah. The shock was tremendous, the onslaught was well planned and led, and for a few hours promised to be successful. The Federals were overpowered on various points, lost twenty pieces of artillery, and a large number of men, and had been forced back four miles, when, in the afternoon, General Sheridan, who had been absent on a political visit to Washington, arrived from Winchester. His presence served to restore the confidence of the army. He reunited the scattered and broken divisions, and succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in turning the tide of victory, recapturing the lost artillery, and twenty-three additional belonging to the enemy, besides a large number of prisoners. Darkness intervening, the fight ceased, and Mr. Stanton telegraphed to all parts of the country that a glorious and splendid victory had been achieved. General Sheridan, who is by no means a 'bashful Irishman' when he narrates his own deeds, but who has certainly a right to be proud in this instance, has not, up to the time at which I write, informed the War Secretary of the number of his own casualties or those of the enemy. Although for political reasons the Government will make the most of this success, it amounts to nothing more than the repulse of an attack, and leaves the mastery of the Shenandoah Valley to be decided in another contest. Meanwhile, Sheridan is the popular favourite. General Grant, in a despatch to Mr. Stanton, declares him to be what he always thought him, 'one of the ablest of generals,' and public opinion points him out as the successor of General Meade in the command of the army of the Potomac—Meade being too methodical, too discreet, too gentlemanly, and too 'slow,' to elicit the admiration of so rash and fast a people as the modern Americans. The dictionary is ransacked for epithets of praise to heap on the head of the victor. He is declared to be the Desaix of America; to have done a deed that will rank with the greatest achievements of Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Charles XII, or Wellington; to be the real and only 'Napoleon' of the war; and to be destined hereafter to the high position of the Presidency. On this last question there appears to be some doubt whether he was not born a British subject. As he would in such a case be ineligible to the Presidency, he would be more fortunate than General McClellan, and might reasonably expect from the Government that patronage and favour which no one who aspires to fill the seat of Mr. Lincoln can expect at the hands of the present Administration."

PROCLAMATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN has issued the following proclamation for a general Thanksgiving on the last Thursday in November:—"By the President of the United States:—It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our national life another year, defending us with His guardian care against unfriendly designs from abroad, and vouchsafed to us, in His mercy, many and signal victories over the enemy who is of our own household. It has also pleased our Heavenly Father to favour as well our citizens in their homes as our soldiers in their camps and our sailors on the rivers and seas with unusual health. He has largely augmented our free population by emancipation and by immigration, while He has opened to us new sources of wealth, and has crowned the labour of our working men in every department of industry with abundant reward. Moreover He has pleased to animate and inspire our minds and hearts with fortitude, courage, and resolution sufficient for the great trial of civil war into which we have been brought by our adherence, as a nation, to the cause of freedom and humanity, and to afford us reasonable hopes of an ultimate and happy deliverance from all our dangers and afflictions. Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart the last Thursday in November next as a day which I desire to be observed by all my fellow-citizens, wherever they may then be, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God, the beneficent Creator and Ruler of the Universe; and do further recommend to my fellow-citizens, as aforesaid, that on that occasion they do reverently humble themselves in the dust, and from thence offer up penitent prayers and supplications to the great Disposer of events for a return of the inestimable blessings of peace, union, and harmony throughout the land, which it has pleased Him to assign as a dwelling-place for ourselves and our posterity throughout all generations. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this 20th day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1864, and the Independence of the United States the 89th."

"By the President,
W. H. Seward, Secretary of State."

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Toulonnais* gives the following account of the Emperor's proceedings in the port where that journal is published:—"After the Emperor had rested a little after his arrival, he entered his barge, and proceeded at about half-past two to the building-yards of the Mutilon. His Majesty entered the arsenal there by the long passage, and first went to the steam saw-mills, which he inspected in detail with great interest, and had a large piece of timber put into the machinery and cut up in his presence. His Majesty then visited the ship where the *Bellepoussin* corvette is being built, and afterwards went on board the steam-ram *Taureau*. A triumphal arch, formed with the shipwrights' tools, had been erected by the workmen near the spot, and had a very curious effect. The Emperor examined the *Taureau*, built on a new model, and inspected every part of her with much attention. At three o'clock he went on board the admiral's ship, where Count Bonet-Willamez, surrounded by the officers of the fleet, received his Majesty, and expressed the pride he felt at seeing on board the *Solférino* the conqueror whose feat of arms had been the means of her obtaining that name. The different officers present were presented to his Majesty, who conferred on several of them promotions and nominations in the Legion of Honour. The officers then returned to their respective vessels, and all the ships of the squadron got under weigh, and passed in line of battle, at a speed of from ten to eleven knots, in front of the forts defending the entrance of the port, firing at a mark out at sea. The first shot from the *Solférino* struck the object aimed at, to the great satisfaction of his Majesty. The crews of the different vessels were afterwards best to quarters, and a mock attack on the fort gone through. His Majesty several times complimented the admiral and ordered that a double ration of wine should be given to the crews. The firing was kept up for about half an hour. The squadron returned to its anchorage at five o'clock, and the Emperor, after leaving a sum of 5,000*l.* (£200) for the gunners of the squadron, quitted the *Solférino* and proceeded to the maritime prefecture, where a grand dinner took place, at which the principal authorities were present. During the whole evening the band of the fleet played in front of the building, where an immense crowd of persons had assembled. The Emperor frequently showed himself on the balcony, and was hailed with the loudest acclamations. His Majesty seemed much touched by those manifestations, and is said to have remarked that he should not quit Toulon without a feeling of regret that he could not prolong his stay. His Majesty passed the night at the maritime prefecture, and at half-past eight on Sunday morning he walked to the Church of St. Louis to attend mass, being, as before, everywhere received with the same acclamations. The Emperor, who since his arrival at Toulon refrained from surrounding himself with the pomp which usually attends the visit of a sovereign, in order to make himself more readily accessible, graciously received a petition which was presented to him. Some ladies having offered bouquets, his Majesty selected one of violets, which he carried on his way. On leaving the church the Emperor entered a carriage and proceeded to the railway station, where an immense crowd received him with loud cheers. His Majesty took his seat in the special train, and immediately left for Marseilles."

The *Austrian Gazette* says:—"The scheme of a congress is again being discussed, and confidential interviews on the subject have taken place between the representatives of some courts. The King of the Belgians takes an interest in the success of the scheme. The principal difficulty is the position of Austria in the Italian question. Hopes are however entertained that the basis of a compromise may be settled, and that neither Rome nor Venice will be discussed. The entry of Schleswig into the German Confederation would be one of the questions to be treated by the congress."

A BAD INCIDENT IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

A LETTER from Richmond of October 8 contains the following:—"Upon the 1st inst one of those casualties which have attracted to the port of Wilmington, the seaport of the Confederacy, a degree of notice never accorded to the insignificant town during all its previous years of existence, startled this community almost as much as the explosion of Grant's harmless mine at Petersburg two months before. At three in the morning of the 1st a blockade-running steamer named the *Condor*, the property of Mr. Alexander Collier, of London, while attempting to enter the mouth of the Cape Fear River, had the misfortune, thanks to her blundering pilot, to run aground in the breakers, within 200 or 300 yards of the Confederate guns in Fort Fisher. The *Condor* was a new three-funnelled steamer, superbly adapted for her trade, with great carrying capacity, drawing only seven feet of water, and swift as a sea swallow. She was approaching Wilmington upon her first inward trip, and brought out from Greenock, whence she sailed in August last, several English and Confederate passengers, and among them a lady named Mrs. Greenhow, well known upon this continent as having, at the commencement of the war, conducted a spirited correspondence with Mr. Seward at Washington, and as having been imprisoned by that aristocratic attorney Mrs. Greenhow had passed many months in England previous to sailing in the *Condor*, and was returning to share the increasing perils of her own country. After the *Condor* took the ground, a Yankee vessel was seen approaching through the gloom with a view to shelling or boarding the stranger. Mrs. Greenhow, remembering her long former imprisonment in Washington, and apprehensive of its repetition, insisted, against the advice of the captain, upon having a boat lowered, and upon trusting herself to the tender mercies of the waves rather than to those of the Yankees. Into this boat she carried with her the mail-bag, and also Professor Holcombe, whom the *Condor* had picked up at Halifax, and whose name was last summer brought before the public in connexion with Mr. Greeley's abortive negotiations with a view to peace, which were entered into at Niagara Falls. To the pilot, who had just run the *Condor* aground, was committed the delicate task of steering Mrs. Greenhow's boat, which was lowered into a raging surf. Directly the boat left the lee side of the vessel she was caught, broadside on, by a huge breaker, and overturned. All the male passengers succeeded in clambering up and clutching the keel of the capsized boat, but in the darkness and amid the deafening thunder of the breakers, nothing was seen or heard of poor Mrs. Greenhow. Her body was subsequently washed ashore near Fort Fisher, and close beside it a heavy leather reticule, containing 2,000 dollars in gold, which was believed to have been slung round her neck when the boat was upset. It is a strange proof of the strength of that bolstersome sea that such a weighty article as this reticule should not have sunk, but should have been tossed up on the beach like a bit of seaweed. Upon the afternoon of the 2nd Mrs. Greenhow's body was committed to the grave at Wilmington, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. A general feeling of gloom in connexion with the thought of the high hopes with which Mrs. Greenhow returned to her native land, and of her having been tossed, a lifeless corpse, upon its inhospitable strand, has pervaded this community, which at this sad moment remembers only how zealous and enthusiastic was her devotion to the Confederacy."

NO HOME COMPLETS without a WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Free of charge on application at 125, Regent-street.—(Advertisement.)

General News.

THE *Courier d'Oran* says:—"We were not wrong in saying that Marshal de M'Mahon would put an end to all the abuses he might see, or which might be pointed out to him. At the moment when he landed an incident occurred which showed his tendencies. Perceiving two artillery waggons standing on the quay, he asked what they were doing there. 'They are waiting for your excellency's luggage,' was the reply. 'What,' said the marshal, 'are there no porters appointed for that purpose?' 'There are, Monsieur le Marechal, but—' 'Well, then, let those waggons be sent away, as the regular porters shall carry my luggage,' which was done. The following day the governor-general went to the Palace Mithapha, where he was surprised to see a number of soldiers acting as gardeners, and all paid from the budget. He ordered that they should be sent at once to their regiments, saying that his custom was never to have any other servants but those who were paid directly by himself."

When the Echantress, with the lords of the Admiralty, visited Gibraltar, several fatal accidents happened to the sailors in manning the yards of the English men-of-war at that port to welcome the Echantress. One sailor fell from the topmast and knocked off a man standing on a mast beneath him. Both men were killed.

MAJOR HICKY, late of the 101st Bengal Fusiliers, has been appointed deputy-governor of the Portland Convict Prison.

AMONGST the students of all nations now pursuing a course of study at the University of Oxford are two Russian gentlemen, who have rooms in college, viz., M. George Bakhtmetoff, at Merton College, and M. Basil Pontavine.

M. BERRYER, the distinguished French advocate, arrived in London on Saturday evening from Paris. Lord Brougham, who, since his departure from Brougham Hall, had been staying a few days at Brighton, arrived at his residence in Grafton-street on the previous Friday evening expressly to receive his illustrious friend on his arrival in London. On Saturday evening Lord Brougham had a select circle at dinner to meet M. Berryer; the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Clanricarde, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly being among the guests. On Sunday evening Sir Fitzroy Kelly had the honour of receiving M. Berryer at dinner at his house in Connaught-place. Covers were laid for twenty-four persons. Among the guests were Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Lord St. Leonards, General Sir Henry Storks, Sir Jas. L. Knight Bruce, Vice-Chancellor Sir John Stuart, the Lord Chief Baron Pollock, Hon. Edw. Curzon, the Hon. M. Theiger, Hon. George Norton, &c.

Five new peers will be entitled to take their seats in the House of Lords at the commencement of the next session of parliament, viz., Lord Harry Vane, formerly M.P. for Hastings, who has succeeded to the dukedom of Cleveland; the Earl of Lincoln, who has succeeded to the dukedom of Newcastle; Viscount Boringdon, who has become Earl of Morley; Viscount Chelsea, who has succeeded to the earldom of Cadogan; and the Earl Jermyn, lately M.P. for West Suffolk, who has become Marquis of Bristol. Lord Rodney, whose father died on the 19th of August, will not be able to take his seat until 1878, when he will be of age.

THE Right Hon. Sir Andrew Buchanan, the newly-appointed ambassador at the Court of Russia, left town on Saturday last, accompanied by Lady Buchanan, for Berlin, on his way to St. Petersburg, to enter upon his diplomatic duties.

A CLERICAL SWINDLER.

At the Northampton Quarter Sessions, last week, the Rev. Charles James, a clergyman of the Church of England, was found guilty on no less than three indictments of obtaining goods by false pretences, and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. The career of the rev. delinquent has been one of a most extraordinary nature. He is a native of Oxford, and after receiving his early education at the Grammar School connected with Magdalen College in that university, he was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Cambridge. He was subsequently ordained, and gradually relapsed into a course of life which has brought disgrace upon his profession. Some years ago, during the severe illness of the vicar, he was engaged to officiate as a curate in a small parish in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and being a good reader and preacher he soon became a favourite with the congregation. The vicar, however, had no sooner left home than he began to show himself in his true colours. He dressed himself in a drab wideawake hat with blue ribbons, and engaged in the undignified calling of breaking in colts for the farmers. He made a point of dining at one farm, drinking tea at another, and supping at a third, and generally returned to his lodgings in a state of intoxication. Such conduct could not, of course, be tolerated, and his curacy was brought to a premature termination, but before leaving the neighbourhood he managed to obtain a good quantity of wearing apparel, besides leaving most of his bills unpaid. The next thing he did was to order a new clerical dress of Messrs. Smit and Co., clerical tailors, Southampton-street, Strand, but the character of the fellow was discovered before the order was completed, and he then resorted to a more ingenious method of raising the wind. A poor schoolmaster advertised an organ for sale for £50, and Mr. James opened negotiations for the purchase of it, and eventually ordered it to be sent to Paddington Station to be left till called for. In the meantime he advertised the organ for sale, but the design was frustrated by the owner taking the instrument to London himself, where Mr. James could not be found. He subsequently underwent two months' imprisonment in Oxford Gaol for leaving his wife and family chargeable to the union, and was also imprisoned in Lincoln Gaol for four months for a felonious assault on a butcher who had asked him for payment of his bill. After spending some time in Maidstone Gaol and St. Pancras Workhouse, he returned to Oxford, and resorted to various expedients for raising money. About Christmas he obtained a quantity of blankets from a firm at Leominster, on the plea that they were intended for distribution amongst the poor, and then disposed of them for a quarter of their value. He also obtained an harmonium, value twenty-two guineas, from Messrs. Evans and Co., music-sellers, London, on the ground that it was required for a village near Chipping Norton, where he said he held a curacy, but on the receipt of the instrument he sold it for £8. In the month of August last he took up his quarters at a beerhouse at Penny Stratford, known as Denbigh Hall, from which place he wrote a letter to Messrs. Norman and Shepherd, drapers, Northampton, ordering twenty yards of black silk and two half-mourning dresses, "adapted to servants' wear," to be sent to him. Thinking that Denbigh Hall was a gentleman's mansion, and not a beerhouse, Messrs. Norman and Shepherd forwarded the goods to Mr. James, who immediately proceeded to convert the silk into cash by selling it to the landlady. He also obtained goods from two other tradesmen in a similar way, for which offence he was found guilty, and sentenced, as has been already stated, to five years' penal servitude. Birmingham Post.

TRUE uncoloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—(Advertisement.)

FOR Toothache, Tic-doloureux, Faciitis, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, by post, fourteen stamps, Kendal, chemist, Clapham-road.—(Advt.)

THE CONVICT MULLER.

It having been rumoured on Saturday that Muller was in a desponding state, and purposed making a confession of the crime for which he is condemned to die, a reporter sought for and obtained an interview with a gentleman, who has furnished him with the following declaration of the prisoner, together with a couple of letters written by the prisoner to a gentleman in New York since his arrival in England:—In the course of the last week informant visited the prisoner in Newgate, and having previously heard it asserted that the words uttered by the prisoner after his condemnation implied a confession of his guilt, made it his special mission to closely interrogate the prisoner on the subject. The gentleman in question began his task by reminding the prisoner of the awful position in which he was, emphatically impressing on him that all that could be done had been done to save his life, but that there was no hope for him. If, therefore, he had had any participation in the crime, he exhorted him to disclose it, and speak the truth. The prisoner, who was not in the slightest degree moved, but maintained his characteristic composure, said, in the most positive manner, "that he was innocent, and that he never entered the carriage, and never travelled by the railway at all" and added, "Since my condemnation I have always rested at night, have felt calm and quiet, and slept sound. I could only wish that those persons who by false statements have handed me over to the gallows could rest as quiet as I can, without any trouble to their minds." The gentleman then took hold of his hand, and said, "Your hand is now in the hand of an honest man, who would not hold the hand of a murderer in his, and if you are guilty withdraw it at once." The prisoner smiled, and, grasping the hand of the gentleman, replied, "My hands are clean."—"But," said the gentleman, "what do you mean by your hands being clean?" Whereupon the prisoner answered, "I am not guilty. I have nothing to do with the murder." This was said by the prisoner with such an air of innocence that those who heard it left him with an impression that he had spoken the truth.

On Saturday morning Mr. Sheriff Dakin paid a visit to the prisoner. He found him engaged in attentively reading the Bible, and after inquiring how he was, Mr. Sheriff Bailey said he was very glad to see him reading a book that was calculated to bring him to a proper sense of his condition and to prepare him for another world. Muller merely replied that he hoped it would have that effect, and Mr. Sheriff Dakin then said all must die, but in his (Muller's) case it was certain that in a very few days his life would be cut short by a violent death, and he earnestly exhorted him to make the best use of the short time that remained to him in this world to prepare for the fate that inevitably awaited him. At the same time he entreated him in the most impressive manner not to indulge the slightest hope that the sentence of the law would not be carried out, as there was not the least chance of the clemency of the Crown being extended to him. Muller seemed to be a good deal struck by these observations of Mr. Sheriff Dakin, and he said he should endeavour to be prepared to meet his sentence.

The following letter was written, it is stated, by the prisoner to a clergyman at New York, upon his arrival in England:—

September 22, 1864.

"Dear Sir,—When I left New York for England I promised to let you know how I would go on when I came to London. I will give an account in a few lines as I am able; to do for I have a great deal to do and to write. English takes me a long time, and I know you will excuse me for not writing more often."

"I am quiet well thanks God and with God I shall get on wehry well. I know you take great interest like good many more people. Therefore you can think what an excitement it was when I came to England. I am glad to tell you I got a good counsel, but it takes a clever man to question Mr. Matthews and Mrs. Repsch because they are my greatest enemy and will do anything to destroy me if they possible could do it, but they will not have that pleasure. God which know everything will protect me from every evil as he has always done."

And again, when he was in the House of Detention, he wrote, it is said, the following letter to the same gentleman:—

"I am glad to say I have a very good counsel, but it takes a clever man to question Matthews and Mrs. Repsch for the army enemy which have taken it in their hands to destroy me if the possible could. I only wish you could hear them talk—it is impossible for me to explain but they will soon find them mistaken, because God will protect me from every evil as he has always done."

On Monday, again, Mr. Sheriff Bailey paid him a visit, as did also the Rev. Mr. Walbaum, the minister of the German Chapel, in St. James's, who has spent some time with him daily since his conviction. The convict also attended the service in the chapel. He has always shown a disposition to profit by the religious consolation which has been offered him since he received sentence, but in other respects he has been reserved, cold, and unimpressible, without in the least, however, being disrespectful to those about him.

As early as seven o'clock on Monday morning the members of the German Legal Protection Society are said to have had a meeting at Boyd's Hotel, Finsbury-square, for the purpose of settling the draught of the memorial to present to the Home Secretary. Before separating the memorial was unanimously adopted, and they resolved to forward it to Sir George Grey. In the meantime a special committee of the society was publishing an elaborate report, describing minutely the whole of the steps they have taken from first to last to clear up what they regard as the mystery attending the murder, and particularly to ascertain the movements of the prisoner about the time of his commission, and how he came in possession of the watch and chain of Mr. Briggs.

Adverting to the case, they say:—"The distance from Stanley Cottage was measured, and it was ascertained that, taking into consideration all circumstances—as for instance the lameness of Muller—it would take twenty to twenty-five minutes to walk from the house to Camberwell-gate. The journey by omnibus to King William-street, after riding at different times and in different omnibuses, was found to take twenty to thirty minutes. Therefore, supposing the statements of the Joneses and of Muller in New York to be true, Muller, after having left Stanley Cottage at half-past nine o'clock, could not have been in King William-street before ten minutes or a quarter past ten, consequently could not possibly have been the perpetrator or abettor of the murder in the railway carriage at ten minutes to ten o'clock."

They relate the following account given by Muller himself to a member of their body and to Mr. Beard, their solicitor, at the Bow-street Police-station on the same evening he arrived in London from New York:—

"After the exchange of some kind words, and a solemn exhortation to adhere strictly to the truth, Muller declared that on Saturday evening the 8th of July he had left his friend Haffa at Mr. Repsch's house, where he had tea, and had taken an omnibus at the corner of Fenchurch-street and Gracechurch-street to go to Camberwell. He had been lame at the time in consequence of his having been run over on the Thursday, and therefore wore a red carpet slipper on his right foot. Near the gate he had left the omnibus to walk to a house in George-street, Camberwell New-road. He declined to give the address of the house. On coming back he had a glass of ale at a public-house on the left side, before coming to the gate, from the Elephant and Castle, and had entered into conversation with the bar-keeper. The house was about two hundred yards from the toll-gate, and could be recognised by its standing forward and being bounded by two streets. There always were shoeblack boys in front of it. The bar-keeper was a young man of average size, with dark hair, whiskers, and a beard on his chin. By this description it must be easy to recognise him. After half-past ten, to his

belief, he had left Camberwell-gate in an orange omnibus, had ridden to the monument in King William-street, and walked from there to the Bank, in order to take his omnibus from Threadneedle-street to Hackney. As it already had left, he had walked home to Old Ford-road, and reached it about half-past eleven. His landlady and the other lodgers had already gone to bed. On his way home he did not meet with any friend or acquaintance, nor did he call anywhere. The omnibus from Camberwell-gate to King William-street contained besides him four persons—an elderly gentleman with dark hair and dark whiskers, two young ladies, and a little girl. The conductor was of average height, wore a hat and a long coat which had no buttons at the back. His face was small, dark, and pock-marked; he wore a white and black checkered neckerchief. When he entered the omnibus, a brown dog, which was flying at a boy in the street opposite to the public-house, caused a crowd."

On the all-important subject of the hat, proved at the trial to have been that of Mr. Briggs, the committee say:—

"The hat which had been found in his possession at New York he had bought between May 14 and 20, at the shop of Mr. Digance, for 14s. 6d. He remembered the occasion very well, because at the same time, as he used to do at Whitechapel, he had bought a new suit. The two Repsches must remember this, as they had seen him in his new suit. He left the hat Matthews had bought for him at the shop. The lining of this hat was dark, and had blue stripes."

In connexion with this story, it should be borne in mind that Mr. Digance's shopman, of whom the prisoner must have bought the hat, if he bought it there at all, seeing that Mr. Digance never sold him a hat, and that he has only one shopman, a person who has been with him for the last twelve years, has been confronted with the prisoner in his cell since his conviction, in the presence of Mr. Beard, and that on the one hand Muller failed to recognise him, and on the other the shopman said he had no recollection of having seen him before. The committee proceed to say:—

"With regard to the watch and chain, Muller declared he had left the house of Mr. Repsch at about ten minutes to eight, had gone to Mr. Hodgkinson to see Haffa, had not found him (vide the statements of Haffa and Mr. Hodgkinson's foreman), and had then immediately gone towards the London Docks, in order to inquire about the time of sailing, and if possible to take his ticket at the same time. He arrived at the docks about half-past eight. He found a German porter in the office near the ship Victoria, but as he could not get his ticket, he was about to leave the docks again. About 100 yards from the office, in the passage to the warehouses, a pedlar offered him a watch and chain for sale. He held these things in his hand, and took some rings and chains and another watch from his coat pocket. The pedlar was of middle height, had a small face with prominent cheekbones, brown whiskers, and close-shaved skin; he had a small cut or scar on his lip, and wore a Melton morning coat. When the things were offered to him for £8 he had only £4 and three half-crowns in his pocket. The seller of the things refused to accept £4, and Muller went on, but came back on the second thought that the watch and chain must be worth more, because the £4 were refused by the pedlar, and might make a good bargain, and offered three half-crowns—7s. 6d.—more. The pedlar took the offer. While on his way home, and calculating how, by the sale or pawning of the things bought, he might make a profit so as to be able to redeem his own watch and chain, which he had pawned some weeks ago in Whitechapel, and of the value of which—£9—he was fully aware, he was disturbed by the thought that the things bought might be not real gold or valueless. He at once determined to go to Mr. Death's, in Chesapeake, and by exchanging the chain ascertain its value and that of the watch."

The words in italics are so put by the committee. "After Muller had spent his money in purchasing the watch and chain, he resolved to pawn the chain he had exchanged. He got £1 10s. in the Minorities, and sold the ticket to his friend Haffa for 12s. Thus he became possessed of £2 2s. From a mark, he thought the watch he bought at the docks to be a valuable one, and determined to keep it. With these £2 he redeemed his own watch, which he had pawned at the Minorities, and asked his friend Glass for the loan of £1, in order to redeem the chain also, and then on Wednesday morning pawn both together at the West-end for a higher price. He received £4 in Princes-street, and sold the ticket, as proved, to Glass for £1 5s. The one pound lent was deducted. Besides, he received from Mr. Repsch, who owed him £1 2s 14s.; from Mr. Matthews, 3s. 6d.; for a coat he pawned, 6s. With the money thus acquired he bought, on Wednesday, his passenger-ticket for £4, a mattress for 7s. 6d., and paid 1s. portage. The 12s. found upon him at New York he got by the sale of a coat and a pair of trousers. When asked why, at his arrest at New York, he had told a lie about the watch, he declared that nothing but the surprise and fright of the moment had induced him to do so. With regard to the hat, he said Inspector Clarke must be mistaken, as the minutes of his examination at New York could easily prove; only with regard to the watch he had told an untruth."

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER AT LEWES.

THE time-honoured borough of Lewes, Sussex, has always been famous for its Fifth of November demonstrations. Many have been the attempts to suppress these gatherings. The police, special constables, the military—each in turn has been tried, but in vain; they only led to serious rioting. And now, at length, the town of Lewes, from six p.m. to twelve p.m., is given up entirely to the hands of the "Borough Bonfire Boys," every policeman being withdrawn for those six hours.

For months past every preparation has been made, organized subscriptions raised, and before us is the "official programme" of the evening, drawn up in the style of the Lord Mayor's, or any great royal or civic procession. Leaving out the different bands, banners, flags, devices, tar-barrels, &c., in the earlier part of the procession, we extract the following from the programme of the principal feature:—

The Staff-Bearer, Commander-in-Chief, and Officers.

Lieutenants carrying Coloured Lights.

Colours—"The Naval Flag of England."

Banner—"Borough Bonfire Boys' Arms."

Large and splendid Banner, "No Popery."

Lord Bishop of Lewes, in full Canonicals.

The Society's Celebrated Brass Band.

Torches.

The Great Key of the Ancient Borough of Lewes.

Torches.

Effigies of Guy Fawkes and the Pope.

Tableau—"The Franco-Italian Treaty."—Louis Napoleon, Rome, Garibaldi.

Napoleon trying to hold possession of Rome against the efforts of Garibaldi; a desperate struggle ensues, in which the Italian liberator is victorious, and the Papal tyrant of Rome is hurled into the flames.

Other bands and flags followed, the procession closing with "twelve large hogheads and six tar barrels." During the procession plenty of fireworks were let off, the whole affair ending in the great bonfire opposite the County Hall, the whole populace singing and the band playing "God Save the Queen."

We give an illustration, on our first page, of the procession passing the County Hall, from a photograph by Mr. Blegrove, of Lewes.

HORNIMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,750 Agents.—(Advertisement.)

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

THE following was the order of procession on Wednesday of the civic authorities from Guildhall to Westminster, to present the new Lord Mayor (Alderman Hale) to the Barons of the Court of Exchequer:—

Drums and Pipes of the Royal London Militia.

Boys of the Marine Society, with Banners.

Three Trumpeters.

Band of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire. Watermen, bearing the Banners of the following Livery Companies of the City of London:—

Spectacle-makers.

Loriners.

Plasterers.

Coopers.

Ironholders.

Painter Stainers.

Carpenters.

Saddlers.

Girdlers.

Wax Chandlers.

Salterns.

Goldsmiths.

Fishmongers.

Grocers.

Band of the 2nd London Rifle Volunteer Brigade.

Banner of the Arms of the Company of Tallow Chandlers.

Banner of the Arms of the late Mr. Alderman Humphrey.

Banner of the Arms of the late Mr. Alderman Farncomb.

Banner of the Arms of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor.

Banner of the Arms of the City of London.

The Beadle of the Company, bearing his Staff.

The Clerk of the Company, in his Chariot.

The Members of the Court of Assistants, in their Carriages.

The Wardens of the Company, in their Carriages.

The Masters of the Company, in his Chariot, attended by his Chaplain.

Watermen bearing the following banners:—

The Royal Standard.

The Union Jack.

The Banner of Scotland.

Six Streamers of the City Arms.

The Banner of England.

The Banner of Ireland.

Banner of the City of London.

Band of the Grenadier Guards.

Description of the Armour worn by the Knights and Esquires in the Procession:—

FIRST KNIGHT.

In a plain cap-a-pie suit of armour of the early part of the 17th century, attended by Two Esquires, one a swordman in a suit of black and white armour, the other in a demi-lance suit.

SECOND KNIGHT.

In tilting armour, early part of the 16th century, attended by Two Esquires, one in cavalier suit of Langruned armour, the other in cavalier suit of bright armour.

THIRD KNIGHT.

In tilting suit of the second half of the 16th century, attended by Two Esquires, one in half suit of bright armour, the other representing a demi-lance.

FOURTH KNIGHT.

In a cap-a-pie suit of engraved armour of the first half of the 16th century, attended by Two Men-at-Arms in foot armour.

FIFTH KNIGHT.

In a cap-a-pie suit of bright armour of the first half of the 16th century, attended by Two Esquires, one in a suit of splints with engraved morion, the other in a back plate of steel.

SIXTH KNIGHT.

In a cap-a-pie suit of black and white armour of the first half of the 16th century, attended by Two Esquires, one in Maltese armour the other in Italian armour.

The Band of the London Rifle Volunteer Brigade.

The Two Under-Sheriffs.

The Officers of the Corporation of London.

Three Trumpeters.

Mr. Sheriff Bailey in his State Chariot, drawn by four horses, attended by his Chaplain.

Three Trumpeters.

Mr. Sheriff Dakin in his State Chariot, drawn by four horses, attended by his Chaplain.

The Band of the Honourable Artillery Company.

The Aldermen who have not passed the Chair.

The Recorder.

The Aldermen who have passed the Chair.

THE LATE LORD MAYOR.

The Lady Mayoress in her State Carriage.

will join the procession on its return from Westminster.

The Lord Mayor's Servants, in State Liveries.

The Band of the 1st Life Guards, mounted.

The City Marshal on horseback.

Gentlemen of the Lord Mayor's Household.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR.

In his State Carriage, drawn by six horses,

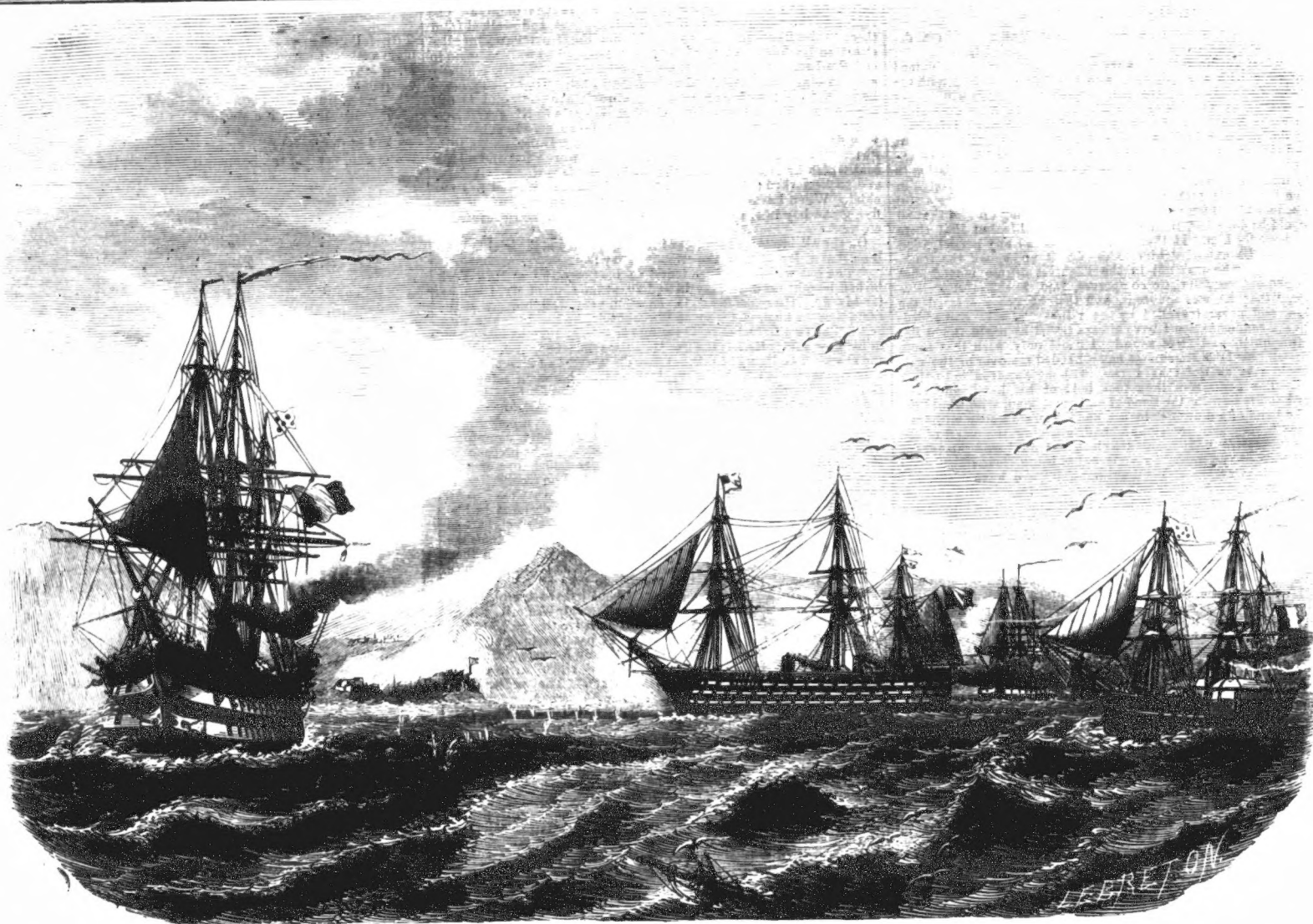
Attended by his Chaplain, Swordbearer, and Common Clerk.

Guard of Honour on horseback.

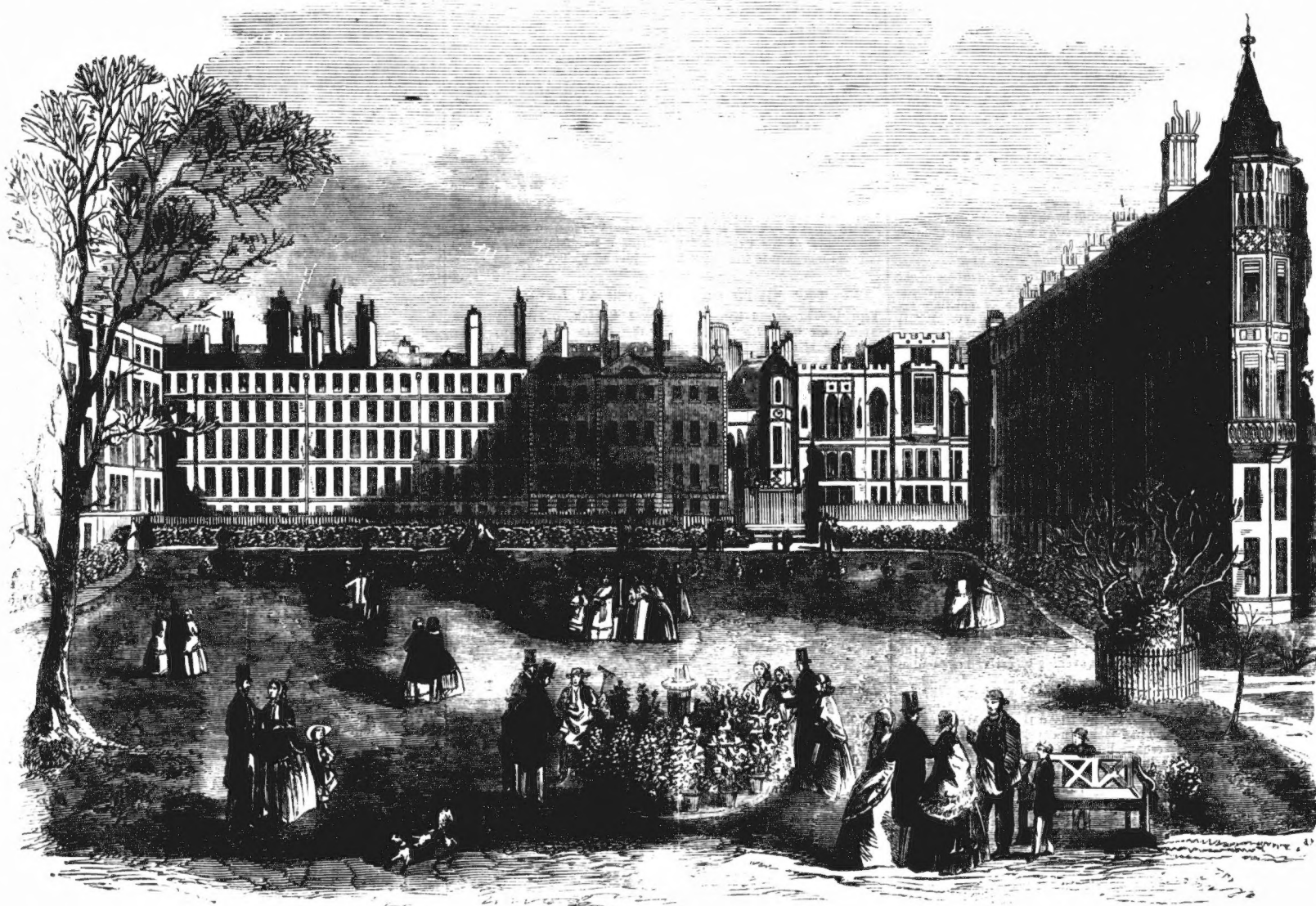
The Military Escort will be a Detachment of the 18th Hussars.

The procession on its return was joined by the ambassadors, Her Majesty's ministers of state, the nobility, judges, members of parliament, and other persons of distinction invited to the banquet at Guildhall.

The state carriage and liveries for the Lord Mayor Elect, Mr. Alderman Hale, are of the most handsome description, but are void of all heavy and gaudy decorations. The carriage, manufactured by Messrs. W. Barnard & Co., of Long-acre, is spacious, but, at the same time, lightly constructed. The body is painted a rich lake, the gilt mouldings and cornices along the roof, &c., relieving anything that might approach to heaviness. Upon the doors and back panels appear the civic arms, beautifully executed, and on the quarter-panels alternately are the arms of the Tallow Chandlers' Company, and the private arms of Mr. Alderman Hale. The lining of the carriage is of richly figured silk, the seven windows having pink silk curtains. The hammercloth is exceedingly rich, consisting of scarlet cloth, ornamented with a wide border of white fringes and ballion hangers, the civic arms being displayed in a centre of white Geneva velvet. The elegant liveries have been manufactured by Messrs. H. J. and D. Nicks, of Regent-street. The coats are of superfine claret coloured cloth, bound and bordered with massive gold lace, within which is a fine line of magenta coloured silk surrounded by fine gold braid. The vests are of white cassimere, ornamented with gold lace, and the continuations of black waistcoats. The postillions' jackets are of the same style, though more profusely decorated, and having on each arm a beautifully embroidered badge, bearing the heraldic insignia of the Lord Mayor Elect. From the shoulder of each coat depend an aiguillette formed of gold cord, having solid gold pendants. The state hats, manufactured by the same firm, are of beaver, bordered with gold lace, and trimmed with catrich feathers, finished off with bullion tassels.



THE WAR IN JAPAN.—DESTRUCTION OF THE JAPANESE FORTS AT SIMONO-SAKI (See page 341.)



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW AT THE TEMPLE GARDENS. (See page 341.)

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

We give on page 340 an engraving of the chrysanthemum show in the Temple Gardens.

In the Inner Temple there is a very beautiful row of the choicest flowers extending along the whole length of Paper-buildings. They are of all imaginable colours and sizes, and the manner in which they are arranged shows them off to the greatest possible advantage. On the opposite side, by Harcourt-buildings, there is another row, but they do not show so well as those on the eastern side on account of the building operations which are going on. But Mr. Broome has reserved his finest specimens for the northern side of the garden, along the whole extent of which the beautiful flowers have been carefully covered in. They are all well developed and are in excellent order, and the display is equal to any of those which have preceded it. In the Middle Temple Gardens Mr. Dale has been equally successful, and he has reared some very splendid specimens.

SUPERSTITION IN FRANCE.

—The *Courrier du Havre* relates the following extraordinary affair, which has caused great excitement in that town and neighbourhood:—As a sportsman, named Lemonnier, was out shooting in a small wood not far from the cemetery of St. Adresse, he found the dead body of an old woman wrapped in a shroud. He immediately informed the authorities, and the body was recognised as that of a Mme. Allais, aged eighty-two, buried at St. Adresse on the 24th ult. It was at first supposed that the corpse had been disinterred for the purpose of stealing jewellery that might have been buried with it, but a closer examination having shown that the corpse had been in part deprived of the skin, and that the chest and abdomen had been cut open, it was concluded that some believer in witchcraft had taken the skin and fat to use as charms in his incantations. It appears that a belief in

the magical virtues of human remains is prevalent in that neighbourhood, for only a few months since a young mason dug up a body in the same cemetery, cut off one hand, and burned it to ashes, which he mixed with gunpowder, in the belief that he should then be able to shoot game without his gun making any report to attract the notice of the garde champêtre.

We have to announce the death of the Lady Overstone which occurred at Lockinge House, near Wantage, on Sunday, Nov. 6, after an illness of only a few days.

THE WAR IN JAPAN—FORCING THE PASSAGE OF THE SIMONOSAKI STRAITS.

DESPATCHES have been received at the Admiralty announcing that the Straits of Simono-Saki are open, the passage having been forced by sixteen vessels of war, after three days' fighting. All the batteries have been destroyed, and sixty 24 and 36-pounder bronze guns have been embarked.

The loss of life has been small, considering the result, and no officers have been killed. The Japanese have asked for peace.

We give an illustration on page 340 of the attack on the Japanese forts.

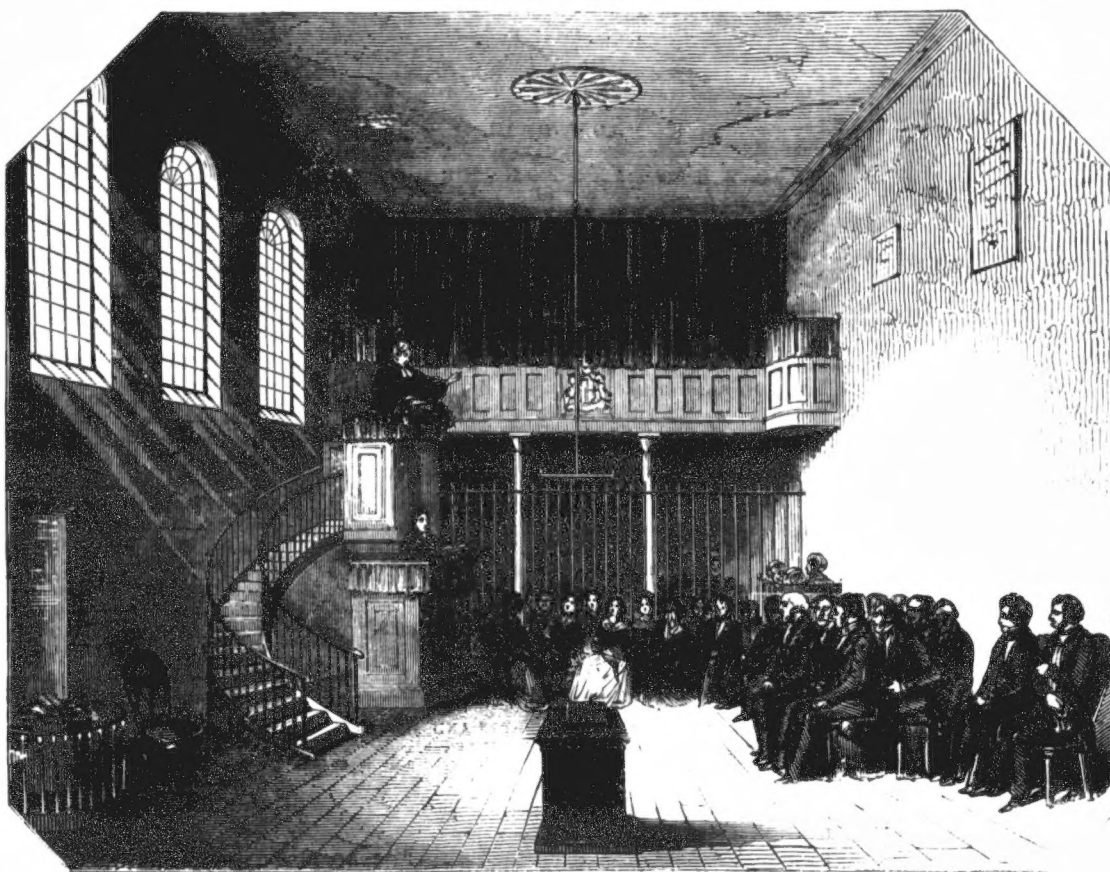
OLD BAILEY SCENES.

THE illustrations here given represent the chapel in Newgate, with prisoners attending the Church service. The Rev. Mr. Davis has for many years been the chaplain of the gaol, and when preaching in the presence of condemned criminals, invariably delivers discourses appropriate to the occasion.

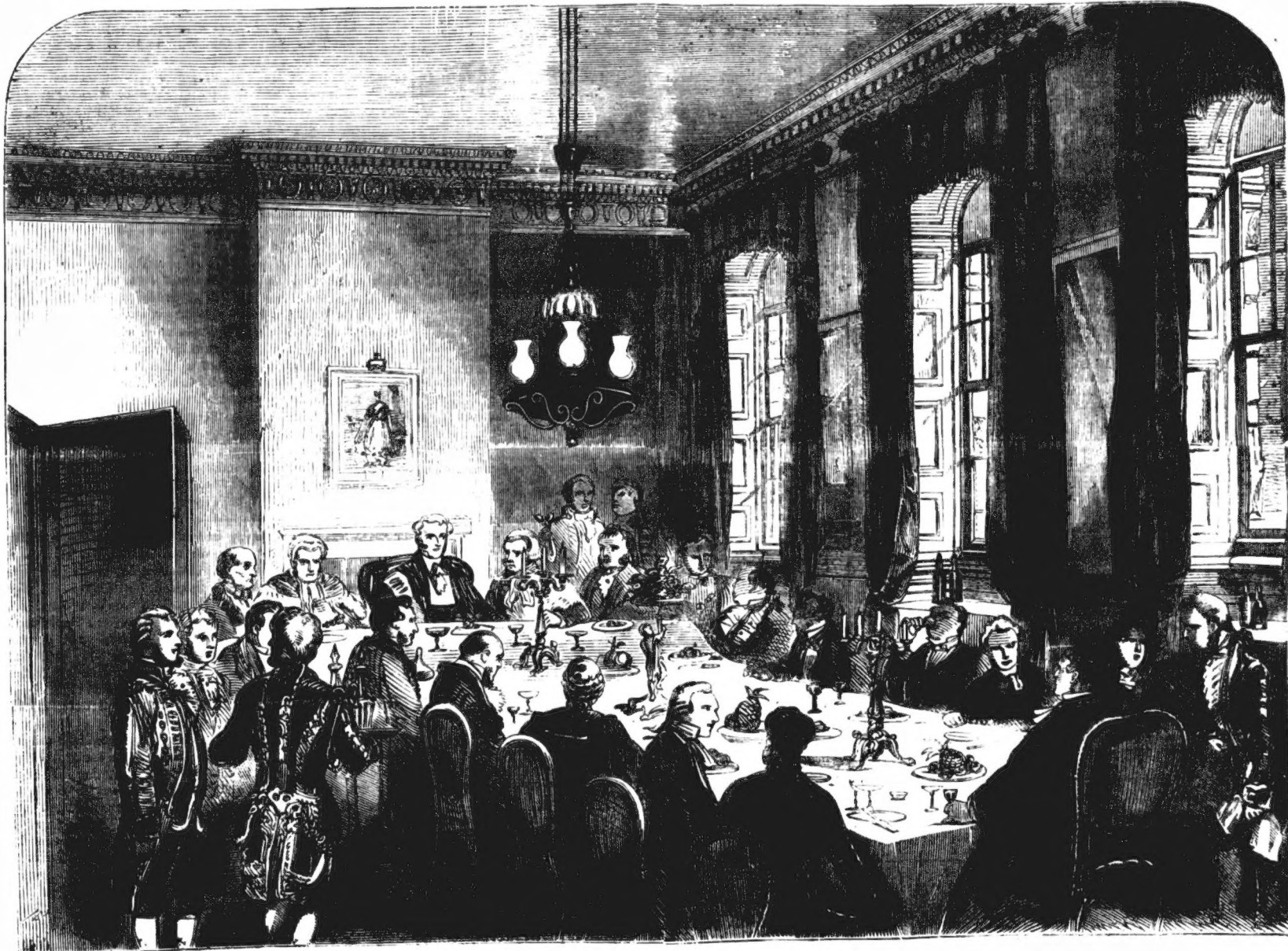
It is customary for the sheriffs to provide a repast each day during the trials at the Central Criminal Court, to which the judges, recorder, and civic functionaries attending the court are invited.

ROBBERY AT BRIGHTON.

—Early on Sunday morning a daring and successful robbery was accomplished upon the premises of Mr. Lyon, pawnbroker, jeweller, and silversmith, New-road, Brighton. The shop was open in the usual course of business till midnight on Saturday, when all was left safe, but on Sunday morning it was discovered that the premises had been entered and the shop rifled of jewellery, watches, and small articles of plate to the value of £500. The thieves had only taken the most portable articles, and absolutely left bulky parcels of plate which were left within their reach. The establishment adjoins a music-hall, and it is probable this contiguity had been of service in the robbery.



DAILY SCENE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE OLD BAILEY.



THE SHERIFFS' DAILY BANQUET DURING TRIALS.

NOW PUBLISHING,
THE DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
As Published on Lord Mayor's Day,
FOR EVERYBODY.

DEAR PAPA,
Do Buy Me the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
As Published on Lord Mayor's Day.

DEAR MAMMA,
Oh, do Buy Me the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
As Published on Lord Mayor's Day.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
As Published on Lord Mayor's Day.

BOYS AND GIRLS,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
As Published on Lord Mayor's Day.

UNCLES AND AUNTIES,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
As Published on Lord Mayor's Day.

GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
As Published on Lord Mayor's Day.

APPRENTICES,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
As Published on Lord Mayor's Day.

MAGNIFICENT PICTURES—GRATIS.

No. 1 of the new series of

"BOW BELLS,"

Now Publishing, is
ENLARGED TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.
With this Number is

PRESENTED, GRATIS,

A beautiful Coloured Engraving of
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,
Drawn by the celebrated artist, L. Huard, and issued on tinted plate paper,
for framing, to our readers. The descriptive Poem is by
ELIZA COOK.

The same Number contains
A NEW WALTZ,
W. H. Montgomery, being the first of a series of original pieces of Music,
which will be continued weekly.
With No. 2 is presented a New Ballad, by Albert Dawson.
With No. 3 is

PRESENTED, GRATIS,

Supplement of New Designs of Fancy Needlework, obtained direct from
Paris, also, a new and original Mazurka, by E. L. Glascock (Mrs. Henry
Arnold).

With No. 4 another Supplement was
PRESENTED, GRATIS,

Containing a New Set of Quizzes.
With No. 5 is published simultaneously
A COLOURED STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE PARIS
FASHIONS

for the Month. The same Number also contains a New Ballad,
composed by W. H. Montgomery; the Poetry by
ELIZA COOK.

With No. 6 is presented GRATIS the
STANDARD OF ENGLAND QUADRILLES.
Dedicated to Lord Harehugh and the English Volunteers.

With No. 7
THE PET POLKA.

With No. 8 is
PRESENTED, GRATIS,

Another Eight-Page Supplement, comprising all the Newest Fashions and
Patterns of Needlework, direct from Paris.

With No. 9,
WHEN I WAS A MAIDEN PRETTY.

With No. 10,
FANNY'S VALSE.

With No. 11,
THE AIDE-DE-CAMP GALOP.

With No. 12 is
PRESENTED GRATIS,

Another Supplement, comprising all the Newest Fashions and Patterns of
Needlework, direct from Paris.

With No. 13,
THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

With No. 14,
THE MAGNOLIA POLKA.

*. The attention of Ladies is specially called to the above-mentioned
series.

OBSERVER.—No. 1, New Series, contains Twenty-four Pages, Nine
Engravings, Original Music, and is accompanied by the Picture of the
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The above picture will not be issued after November 9th.
One Penny; per post, Two pence. Send two stamps.
London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand, and all booksellers.

SHAKESPEARE, TWO SHILLINGS.

The complete works of Shakspeare, elegantly bound, containing thirty-seven
illustrations and portrait of the author, now publishing.

*. Clergymen and schools liberally treated with for large quantities.
London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Now publishing, a magnificent engraving of
The Battle of Waterloo.
Drawn by that celebrated artist, JOHN GILBERT.
The picture measures 20 inches by 28, is carefully printed on plate paper
expressly for framing, and may be considered one of the finest specimens
of Water engraving ever presented to the public.
PRICE ONE PENNY.
London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers.

THE LADIES' FAVOURITE—BOW BELLS. NOTICE.

This companion picture to
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,
being the second of the series of beautiful coloured engravings, which will
be issued from time to time with

"BOW BELLS,"

was published simultaneously with the Great
WHITTINGTON NUMBER

ON

LORD MAYOR'S DAY,

November 9th.

The original drawing is made expressly for this magazine by the cele-
brated artist, Huard. The subject chosen is

DICK WHITTINGTON AT HIGHGATE,

turning towards London, and listening to the
SOUND OF BOW BELLS.

A Supplement of

ELEGANT NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS,

obtained direct from Paris, was also
PRESENTED, GRATIS.

Immense expense and labour have been bestowed in producing a
Number of rare excellence.

Amongst the most important features may be mentioned the commence-
ment of an entirely

NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE,

founded on facts, and entitled
DICK WHITTINGTON,

THIRCE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Illustrated by EDWARD CORBOULD.

A new ballad, called
TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON.

Musical by W. H. MONTGOMERY,

Words by

ELIZA COOK.

A full-page engraving, representing
A PORTRAIT OF WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT,
Whittington College, Old St. Paul's,
Bow Church, Whittington's Stone at High-
gate.

Drawn by W. H. PRIOR.

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES,

Illustrated.

FINE ARTS.—"THE LOST CHANGE."

From an original painting by W. H. KNIGHT.

The new and popular tale of

TWENTY STRAWS.

Illustrated by HICARD.

Continuation of the admirable story of

DOCTOR POMEROY.

Illustrated by PALMER.

PORTRAIT OF MR. ALDERMAN HALE,

LORD MAYOR.

Drawn by WILSON.

LADIES' PAGES,

Illustrated with Patterns of Needlework of the Newest Fashions.

ONE PENNY, with SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS.

WITH COLOURED PICTURE, TWOPENCE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

H. W. L. P.

D.	M.	Day	Time	A.M.	P.M.
12	S	Sun Rice, 7h. 14m.; sets, 4h. 13m.	...	0 16	0 41
13	S	25th Sunday after Trinity	...	1 7	1 30
14	M	William Penn born, 1694	...	1 54	2 17
15	F	Death of Old Parr (aged 152), 1635	...	2 38	3 0
16	T	Insurrection at Rome, 1848	...	3 21	3 44
17	W	Queen Charlotte died, 1818	...	4 2	4 23
18	T	Wellington buried, 1852	...	4 42	5 3

Moon's Changes.—Full moon, 13h. 5h. 33m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

Proverbs 15; St John 5. Proverbs 16; 1 Tim. 1.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand
that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our
correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information
themselves.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS
313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
News from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single
number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr.
DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's
Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly re-
quested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-
carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be in-
dicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps
cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and
REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom
for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a
quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may
remit a subscription of 2s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313,
Strand.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address.
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

ROBERT T.—The Victoria Theatre was visited by her present Majesty in
1843, when Princess Victoria. Previous to then the house was called the
Coburg, the first stone having been laid by proxy for Prince Leopold
of Saxe-Coburg, Oct. 15, 1817.

N. S.—The Sinking Fund was projected by Walpole, in 1766.

A FRIEND.—The wife having been clearly deserted, support her with ne-
cessaries suitable to her condition, and summon the husband every
month to the County Court until he enters into some arrangement if
he does not, get a judgment summons, and have him imprisoned. The
case is a very flagrant one.

THAMES.—Dulwich College was founded by Edward Alleyn in 1613; but little
of the old building remains in the present structure. Alleyn was co-
proprietor of the Bear Garden, Bankside, and, with Henslowe, built the
Fortune Theatre, Golden Lane, Cripplegate.

F. R.—The penalty attaches only to the person giving a receipt on un-
stamped paper.

VIOLINIST.—Paganini died in the year 1840.

R. C.—No. The Act for closing public-houses until one o'clock on Sunday
morning was passed in August, 1839.

EMILY P.—Madame Mahubra died and was buried at Manchester, but her
body was afterwards disinterred and taken abroad by desire of her hus-
band, M. de Beriot, the celebrated violinist.

A. R.—No. Westminster Sanctuary. Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of
Edward IV, after escaping from the Tower, took refuge in this sanc-
tuary, and there, "in great penury, forsaken by all friends," she gave
birth to Edward V.

OLD ENGLAND.—Our custom of drinking healths is derived from the
Wassale and Drinc-hell, the usual ancient phrases of quaffing among
the Anglo-Saxons, and synonymous with the "Come, here's to you,"
and "I'll pledge you," of the present day.

SCOTIA.—The thistle, we believe, first appeared on the coins of James the
Fifth.

A POOR MAN.—The wife who deserts her husband has no legal right
either to take charge of the children, or to take possession of any portion
of the household furniture.

T. B.—The Noho Theatre, Dean-street, now called the Royalty, was built
for Francis Kelly, in 1840.

CARL.—The prerogative of mercy rests with the Queen alone. A reprieve
could be granted by the Secretary of State without consulting the
sovereign. A warrant under the royal sign manual is not necessary for
executing the punishment of death.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE announcement that the Warrior has been taken into Port-
smouth harbour previous to being paid off and dismantled will prob-
ably excite no little astonishment. It is true this step was resolved
upon by the Admiralty some time since; but as comparatively few
of the public are, as the Americans say, "posted" in naval matters,
the intimation that the Warrior has ceased to be an effective vessel
of war at the disposal of the Government must occasion considerable
surprise. The science of shipbuilding for purposes of war must at
all times be in a transitional state. Vessels are constructed to
resist those means of attack with which their builders are familiar;
but when those means are improved, the construction of ships
must of necessity undergo modification. It might be suggested
that the same train of reasoning would equally apply to the science
of shipbuilding for commercial purposes; but although that science
is also transitional, the ship built for the transport of merchandise
may be employed until she is worn out, whilst the vessel of war
becomes at once useless in the presence of more formidable
rivals. Now, it has happened that, since the termination
of the wars of the first French Empire, the art of
building ships of war has undergone such frequent changes that
the maritime Powers of the world have, though during a period of
uninterrupted peace, been compelled to rebuild their navies several
times. When steam superseded the exclusive use of sails, and
paddles were considered the best, if not the only, means by which
steam could be applied as a motive power, every new vessel turned
out of a Government dockyard was a paddle-box steamer. In
time paddle-boxes gave place to screws, and again the fleets of
Europe were remodelled. Soon after it was discovered that the
power of ships was by no means proportionate to their size, and
thereupon the ships of the line in which maritime nations took so
great a pride, and for whose construction they paid no inconsider-
able sums of money, were cut down and reduced to the frigate
size. Then came the age of armour-plated vessels of war. The
employment of iron and steel, as a means of protection to the
hulls of vessels, occasioned the most serious and the most costly
of all the changes in the science of shipbuilding which have
been effected in late years. So soon as it became mani-
fest that a single armour-plated vessel could, with com-
parative impunity, destroy an entire fleet of ships unprovided with
similar means of defence, it became incumbent on every maritime
nation desirous of maintaining its previous position on the seas to
construct a sufficient number of the new class of vessels to com-
pensate for the assumed inutility of their existing fleets. When
the intelligence of the exploits of the Confederate iron-clad, the
Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, reached this country, the Times
stated that the navy of Great Britain was virtually reduced to a
single vessel, the Warrior, the ship now about to be dismantled;
and although this was the language of exaggeration, it furnishes a
tolerable index of the state of public opinion on the respective
merits of wooden and iron-plated ships of war. The French
Government, even before the incomparable advantages of
armour-clad frigates were thus conclusively demonstrated,
had set about the construction of several of this de-
scription of vessel, and we were, as a mere matter
of precaution, compelled to follow their example. At the
close of the parliamentary session of 1861 a supplemental
vote of a quarter of a million was granted for the pur-
pose by the House of Commons without even the semblance of
opposition. The Warrior was the first of her class, and it is not to
be wondered at that she has not proved absolutely perfect. Since
she was launched we have improved upon our first model; and
though a perfectly new ship, it is considered that she must now
be submitted to alterations which our present experience teaches us
are essential. This is the best explanation which can be given for
the order which has been issued by the Admiralty, and which is
now on the point of being acted upon. We are now to the art of
building armour-plated vessels, and proficiency in it, as in all
others, must be dearly purchased. But costly experiments should
be closely watched, and no department of the State indulges in
costlier ones than the Admiralty. The sums annually voted for the
navy estimates are immense; yet nevertheless, we always seem to
be engaged in the reconstruction of the fleets. Vessels are built at
an enormous expense, sent to sea for a few months, then docked,
then dismantled, and then built over again.

It appears to be now clearly understood by both the belligerents
in North America that, however the Presidential election may
terminate, the war by which the reconstruction of the Union is to
be effected will continue to be prosecuted with unabated vigour.
This present month of November has long been looked forward to
with intense anxiety, not only by the chiefs of the Southern Con-
federacy, but by that numerically small but intelligent portion of
the Northern population which feels the impossibility of the enter-
prise which the remainder have undertaken, and which fondly
anticipated that a change of Government and a change of policy
would give to the American nation that peace of which it has so
much need. The time has come, but without any of those results
which two years since one could scarcely have believed would
have been even so long deferred. The war has lasted during one
Presidency; it is now to be continued during another. Four years
have not sufficed for the Federal Government to crush a re-
bellion which, at its commencement, it was boasted would
be extinguished within ninety days; and now four
years more are to be devoted to the same task, if
within that period it should not happen to be accomplished. Im-
mense armies have been raised, and have vanished like snow in the
moonlight sun; but they have been replaced, and, if needs be, will
be replaced again and again, in order to secure the restoration of a
republic which is supposed to have been the envy of the civilized
world. A debt, already of colossal proportions, it is computed,
will, in another year, equal that which Great Britain has accu-
mulated in a century and a half, has been created; but that debt

will be doubled or quadrupled before the North will abandon its dream of once again seeing its dominions extend from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. Such is the language now held north of the Potomac, and the Confederate Government knows that it is not mere idle boasting. With a new lease of power—and it seems almost certain that he will obtain it—Mr. Lincoln will prosecute the war with renewed zeal. But even if the Democratic nominee should be installed in the White House, he would employ the same means as his predecessor to secure what Mr. Pendleton, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, calls "the restoration of a constitutional union." In any event, then, it is still to be what it has been for more than three years and a half, a war to the knife; and the South, if it would establish that independence for which it has hitherto struggled so manfully, must be prepared to gird up its loins for further encounters, and must be ready to make sacrifices no less great than those it has already offered up at the shrine of freedom.

DEATH FROM DESTITUTION.

On Saturday, Mr. John Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, held an inquiry at the Lord Nelson Tavern, Nicholl-street, Bethnal-green, respecting the death, through want, of a child named Eliza Collinson. The jury having been empanelled proceeded to view the body of the deceased, which lay in a back underground cellar, at 14, Half Nicholl-street. This place was occupied by a family of eight persons. It was about six feet and a half high, and nine feet long by eight broad. The furniture consisted solely of two backless and bottomless chairs, across one of which was nailed a board that did duty as a table. A very small bundle of shavings in the corner served as a bed; there were no bedclothes. Such was the abode of this family, five of whom had only just recovered from fever.

Eliza Collinson, 14, Half Nicholl-street, a miserable-looking woman, who appeared to be dying, was the first witness called. She said: The deceased, nine weeks old, was my child. My husband was a labourer. We had been in the workhouse since the 3rd of September for fever. We left on last Tuesday week. My husband, myself, and one child had fever in the house, and the two eldest children had fever in the hospital. The six children and my husband and myself lived in the place where the jury saw the body. We lived under Mr. Wilson, builder, for one year and a half before we went into the house, and he has let us go into this place till there is another ready. I do not know if there is to be any rent, but this is his day to call. I did not suckle the deceased, for I had no milk. I fed her on arrow-root and a little bread and milk. I got about three farthings' worth of milk a day, but I could not get all the farthings' worth at once. It could not take the bread. Deceased had not had the fever. Last Tuesday it was taken ill, and it died on Friday morning. I had no doctor for deceased. My husband has brought home a few half-pence since we came out of the house, but I did not take notice of how much. I bought twopenny worth of cane shavings to sleep on, and the box maker in the next cellar gave us some to sleep on. There are no blankets or coverlets; we cover up with the children's things. We sleep on the floor. None of us have had any meat or beer since we came out, but we had a herring and some bread and butter and tea. The eldest child has got back to his place, at which he can make on an average 2s. 6d. a week. We have nothing else. He is nearly fourteen years of age. We have no relief from the parish. When we left the house we got no money or blankets. We do not belong to Bethnal-green but to Shoreditch, and we are being passed to Shoreditch.

George Collinson, the husband of last witness, said that when they came out of the workhouse of Bethnal-green they found they could not get into any place, and the same day they went to Shoreditch Workhouse. They were refused admission into the casual ward until twelve o'clock at night, and they were obliged to sit on the stones. This witness said that he had earned 5s. a week, but it turned out that on the previous week he had earned nothing—he was too weak to work. This last week he had made for three days 14s. per diem, and he had borrowed from friends perhaps as much as 4s. The landlord, he said, had not asked for any rent yet, but no doubt he would towards evening, and he would have to go away again, for they had none to give him. Witness had furniture before going into the house, but the landlord had seized it for a few weeks' arrears. The two broken chairs were left, and were taken care of by a neighbour. The deceased lived on halfpenny-worths of arrow-root. They got the halfpennyworths two or three times in the day, or in the middle of the night, just as they could manage the money. Witness had fourteen years' good character. Mr. Runciman asked why he left the house when he advised him not to do so. The witness replied that he had heard there was plenty of work. Mr. Runciman behaved quite as he should have done towards him.

Dr. W. Gaylor described the extreme emaciation of the deceased's body, and said that it only weighed 6lb. The cause of death was want of nourishment. He should say that the immediate cause of death was exhaustion from diarrhoea resulting from want and from exposure. The underground place in which the family lived was quite unfit for eight persons to live in. The window at night was closed by a shutter.

Mrs. Budd, whose daughter, Mr. Runciman said, had just been removed for fever, was then called. She said that she lived in the top front room at 14, Half Nicholl-street. The family numbered five. She paid 2s. 6d. a week rent. A single woman lived in the next room. A family of three persons occupied the two rooms underneath. The front cellar was used by a box maker and his boy as a workshop; but they did not sleep in it. The Collinsons lived in the back cellar, and they seemed to be sober well-conducted people.

The Coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict "That deceased died from the mortal effects of exhaustion consequent on diarrhoea, arising from want of nourishment and through exposure." The proceedings then terminated.

A SINGULAR BEQUEST.—It was the dying bequest of the late Samuel Watkins, Esq. (late chairman of the Workship Board of Guardians), that after his death each of the inmates of the Workship Union-house should be presented with a "new shilling." Miss Watkins obtained the requisite number of shillings of this year's coinage from London, and handed them to Mr. Booth, master of the Union-house, who immediately distributed them as follows:—Men, 41; women, 27; children, 50; total, 118. The aged pauper appeared very much pleased at the kindness of the late much respected chairman, and one of them named John Brunt, better known as "Sergeant Brunt," drew up the following address to Miss Watkins, which was also neatly written and presented by himself to that lady on Wednesday last:—"To Miss Watkins—We, the inmates of the Workship Union-house, feel desirous of returning Miss Watkins thanks for the generous gift bestowed upon us by your late beloved and lamented father. We feel conscious as well as yourself in having lost a valuable friend, a gentleman whose delight it was to make the poor comfortable. Would to God we could bear part of the grief you have to sustain on this memorable occasion. May we all meet him in heaven, is the general wish of this house.—AN INMATE OF THE WORKSHIP UNION-HOUSE."

"P.S.—We thank him for his Indian weed, As well as every other princely deed."

—Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

THE NORTH LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

On Monday evening the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer went through the ceremony of publicly closing this Exhibition, which opened with such eclat three weeks ago, and which was on Monday night brought to a termination after its brief career of unexampled and almost unbroken success. When this Exhibition was opened on the 14th of last month it was intended that its curious and most suggestive collection should remain on view during the two weeks only from nine a.m. till five p.m.; the charge for admission was fixed at 6d., but after the latter hour it was reduced to 2d. to afford every facility to the class to which the display was a most solely due to visit it freely. Such numbers took advantage of this reduction of price that the hall during some evenings was so crowded that the doors had to be closed and further admittance denied. On one evening between five and nine o'clock the turnstiles recorded the admission of no less than 22,000 visitors, which, with 6,000 who had paid 6d. during the day, made the total up to 28,000 in all,—a number that would do credit even to a national exhibition. Altogether, the average attendance during the fortnight amounted to nearly 18,000 per day. With such an evidence of popularity and success before them, the promoters wisely reconsidered their first decision as to closing, and applied to the directors of the Agricultural Hall for its use for another week, and by those gentlemen the new arrangement was at once acceded to. That week expired last Saturday, and on Monday the Exhibition was formally closed, after having been visited by 195,926 persons, exclusive of those who attended on Monday night, probably some 8,000 or 10,000 more.

Mr. GLADSTONE was greeted with loud and continued cheers. He said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It may be said with great reason that the series of proceedings belonging to this exhibition is now completed. We have gathered together within this spacious hall the productions of the skill and industry of the working men of northern London. To this demonstration and to the beautiful spectacle thus offered the feeling of the public has answered, and the numerous total of spectators who have hastened from all parts of the metropolis, as we have been informed to-night, to satisfy their curiosity and to improve their minds, has crowned the labours of the exhibitors with the most complete success. (Hear, hear.) It is, perhaps, a vulgar, but yet it is an important consideration, that in a pecuniary as well as in every other point of view the proceedings of this exhibition have reached the consummation which all its friends have desired, and your Minister of Finance (laughter)—whatever may happen to other Ministers of Finance—appears before you to-night with the glory of a surplus in hand ('Hear, hear' and a laugh) and in that surplus we are to recognise not only a memorial of past prudence but likewise a promise for the future, for the way has fairly been opened to show what things can be done through the medium of these exhibitions. (Hear, hear.) But not the least interesting feature in this series of proceedings has been the tone and temper in which it has been conducted, the humble sense of dependence upon Divine favour, the acknowledgment that whatever gifts any of us may possess we owe them entirely to a heavenly source. (Cheers.) A sentiment of admiration not unmingled with surprise will, I think, possess the mind of the impartial observer when he comes within these walls and sees, or has seen, the nature of the works they contain. We are here an evidence of the growth of the labouring class. I must say that in one point of view an interest attaches to what we see within this Agricultural Hall such as never attached to the more gorgeous Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. Those great Exhibitions and their promoters would have reason to reckon among the many beneficial results of these Exhibitions the fact that without doubt they gave the first suggestion for the creation of a spectacle such as we now behold. (Cheers.) But in those great Exhibitions we saw what the wealth of the world could do, we saw what were the resources of skill and industry, aided by the profuse employment of capital. But here we have drawn upon no such resources of capital. We see here as it were in its first formation the efforts of British labour, and we have reason to congratulate the country first of all for the possession of such skill as is here displayed; and, secondly, upon the disposition to use for such healthful and beneficial purposes the scanty leisure afforded after the hours of toil and the remaining energies which the beneficial exercise has left unexhausted. Ladies and gentlemen, as I have said, it is the property of these exhibitions to open before us a long vista in the future, as well as to supply us with most interesting suggestions for the present. But I see also in them a manifestation of the desire of the labouring classes to play out honestly and in the most conciliatory spirit the game of life. The labouring class, like every other class, has had its lessons to learn. It has had to learn how to bear the reverses of fortune, and how that lesson has been learnt the recent history of Lancashire will tell to our posterity. (Loud cheers.) But the labouring class has also had to learn a lesson—I venture to say a still more difficult one to learn—the lesson of respecting, under whatsoever pressure, the rights, the independence, and freedom of choice of a minority of their own body. But that is a lesson with regard to which I ardently hope—nay, I confidently believe, great progress has been made. Sure I am that if the minds of the operative class be set upon a permanent improvement in the condition of its members, speaking from what I see in this hall, I say they are walking in the right path. Let them show before their fellow countrymen the gifts which they possess; let them continue to exhibit in every relation in life that obedience to law, nay, that love of law which they have shown within these walls; let them carry home more and more to the minds of every class of the community the conviction that we of this country are all one in heart, one in hope, one in desire, one in interest. (Cheers.) Let them take for their motto the union and harmony of all classes one with another, and I am confident they will find that whatever improvements they may think they have a right to expect at the hands of those who are invested with the privilege of governing them, they may rest confident in the belief that such improvements will never be long or unduly delayed. (Loud cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, it is with an earnest mind and heart I express to you a fervent desire that this exhibition and all that has belonged to this exhibition may be productive of happy results not only in the present but in future years. My concluding duty is to declare to you that this exhibition is closed, but when I say that it is closed I do not speak of it as a thing dead and departed. If it be closed, it is closed like the year, which, when it dies away, by the very process of its dying makes preparation for another spring. (Cheers.) It is closed like the corn which we drop into the earth, and which is placed there in order that its death may be the precursor of renovated life and of renewed fertility. (Cheers.) That, happily, is not mere anticipation. Already there are indications upon every side that the example which you have set is a fruitful example. The example which was set to you some six months ago has been fruitful in the production of your exhibition, and the example you have set has already led to such results that I could give you a list of towns and places in which it is contemplated to hold similar exhibitions. (Cheers.) Let us not, therefore, in speaking of this exhibition as having reached its natural termination in the sense that the doors of the hall will be closed, and the objects here collected will be dispersed,—let us not forget that it still retains its moral force, and still promises to be, as we hope it will be, the happy parent of many children—of scenes like this, and, if possible, exceeding this. It will help to confirm in the minds of the labouring community the useful lesson which they have already learnt, and will likewise prove to be an effective means of leading them onward in the path, not of illusory and unsubstantial, but of true and real progress and healthful and Christian civilization. (Loud cheers.)"

Mr. S. MORLEY proposed and Mr. KINNAIRD, M.P., seconded a vote of thanks to the chairman.

The resolution was adopted by acclamation, three cheers being given for the right hon. gentleman.

Mr. GLADSTONE, in reply, expressed his thanks for the compliment. While he could not attribute to himself all the merits which the mover and seconder of the vote had ascribed to him, he must say that he felt confident in the future of England. He was convinced that there never would be wanting those who, under God, would be desirous of conducting the affairs of this country for the honour and profit of the whole nation, aided by the loyalty, the intelligence, the industry, and the goodwill of their fellow-countrymen. For himself, he could only claim a sincere intention to apply himself to the best of his humble abilities in the furtherance of the public interests; and the mark of kindness now bestowed upon him would, even if undeserved, and perhaps even on that very account, be effective as an encouragement to a faithful discharge of his duty. (Loud cheers.)

The National Anthem was then sung, and the proceedings were brought to a close.

THE WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

THE Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Helena and Prince Leopold, visited the Wellington College on Friday, the 4th instant.

The suite in attendance consisted of the Countess of Caledon, the Hon. Flora Macdonald, Colonel the Hon. Sir C. B. Philipps, Lord Charles Fitzroy, and Colonel the Hon. A. Hardinge.

The Queen, on arriving at the college, was received by the Rev. E. W. Benson, head master, and went over the whole of the establishment.

Her Majesty went by special trains of the Great Western and South-Eastern Railways and returned by the road.

The Wellington College, an engraving of which we give on page 344, was erected to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington. It is situated about two miles from the Military College of Sandhurst, and the foundation stone of the edifice was laid by her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert and the royal family, on the 2nd of June, 1856.

Her Majesty, from the commencement of the undertaking, took a deep interest in the college, and subscribed liberally towards it. The sum collected was about £120,000, and, in the first instance, £80,000 was set apart for an endowment fund.

The design of the building is a handsome Palladian elevation, having in front a stately facade in the later Italian style, and the remainder of the buildings form, as is usual in buildings of this school, the sides of a quadrangle. Rows of windows run along in the roof, as in the Invalides, in Paris; and the whole is surmounted by a handsome iron railing, with opposite entrance gates.

ALL SAINTS' DAY—THE FETE DAY OF THE DEAD IN THE CEMETERY OF MONTMARTRE, PARIS.

On the 1st of November—All Saints' Day—the Parisians hold a great and imposing festival at the graves of the dead. After attending mass, which is said for the repose of the departed souls, they repair to the cemetery where rest their friends and relatives. Flowers are planted over their graves, and *immortelles* are hung about the railings of the monuments, some of which are so constructed as to form chapels in which the friends meet to pray. The scenes witnessed on such occasions are very touching.

We give an engraving on page 345 of the cemetery of Montmartre on the above day. From the elevated ground on the right, the visitor has an enchanting view of a deep hollow, on which the cypress, the lilac, and the honeysuckle flourish over the graves of the dead; and at the extremity of the high ground, on which are handsome monuments to distinguished families, amidst a multitude of simple gravestones, are seen many stately monuments in the form of antique tombs, columns, and small temples—the most prominent being a lofty stone obelisk to the memory of a duchess of the great house of Montmorency.

A correspondent writing from Aschaffenberg, in Germany, on the 1st, says:—

"This is All Saints' Day, and is a great holiday in this little town, whose population seems to be chiefly of the Roman Catholic faith. The interior of the old church is gorgeously decorated with flowers, and innumerable wax lights, and draperies, and banners. At half-past nine this morning it was full to overflowing, especially after the manner of all continental churches—with females. But the most wonderful thing in my sight, and one of the prettiest which the season has brought with it, is the dressing of the graves in the cemetery."

ANOTHER GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION.—TWO LIVES LOST.

BEFORE the inquest on the bodies of the unfortunate persons who were killed at the late explosion at the powder works of Messrs. John Hall and Son, at Erith, is closed, another catastrophe has occurred on the works belonging to the same firm at Faversham, by which two lives have been sacrificed. About half-past three o'clock on Monday afternoon a very loud report was heard, the cause of which proved to be an explosion in a corner-house, situated about a mile and a half from Faversham, and forming a portion of the Oare works. Two men were in the house at the time, and they were both killed instantly either from the effect of the explosion or the debris of the building falling upon them. They were not, however, to any very great extent disfigured, which may be accounted for from the quantity of powder that was in the house being small. There was, in fact, but very little powder, for the house had only a short time previously been emptied, and the boat laden with the contents was on its way to the glazing house, and not more than forty or fifty rods from the scene of the catastrophe when the explosion took place. It will be seen, therefore, that the powder which exploded was simply what had been left upon the floor, and this the two men were in the act of sweeping up when it became ignited. But still the quantity was sufficiently large to cause a very loud report and destruction to the building and the machinery therein. The explosion was heard and felt for a considerable distance. Around Faversham the inhabitants were thrown into a state of great alarm. The two men who have fallen victims to this sad occurrence were found buried beneath the ruins.

THE SUNNINGHILL MURDER.—It is believed that the police have obtained a clue to the perpetrator of the brutal murder of Mrs. Butler, who lived at the Lodge, Sunninghill Park, the seat of Mr. Crutchley, one of the county magistrates. It will be recollected that just before the discovery of the murder a carrier observed two tramps, a man and a woman, who were accompanied by a dog, near the lodge, and for some reason suspicion seems to have attached to them. For some time the inquiries of the police respecting these people were fruitless, but it was at last ascertained that the man was in prison at Aylesbury, for one month, for an act of vagrancy. Up to the present time the woman has not been found, though she and the dog were seen in the neighbourhood of Aylesbury. A witness, who was shown the prisoner, who is named William Smith, at once identified him as a man who was near the scene of the murder about the time it was committed. A Guernsey frock, which he wore at the time, is missing, and diligent search is being made for it, as it is thought it might have been concealed to hide spots of blood. There are also some other grave circumstances against Smith, who will be taken into custody upon the charge at the expiration of his month's imprisonment. The police are busily engaged in procuring evidence.



THE WELLINGTON COLLEGE, NEAR SANDHURST, VISITED BY THE QUEEN ON THE 4TH INST. (See page 343.)



NOVEMBER 1ST.—ALL SAINTS' DAY—THE FETE DAY OF THE DEAD IN THE CEMETERY OF MONTMARTRE, PARIS. (See page 43.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S—Mr. W. Harrison commenced his season here on Tuesday evening last to a crowded audience. The introductory little piece of "You Know Why," by M. Morton, Esq., sustained principally by Mr. G. Hooey, Mr. J. Rouse, and Miss E. Burton, passed off with spirit, and then came Gounod's celebrated opera of "Faust," in which Miss Louisa Pyne appeared for the first time in the character of Marguerite, to the Faust of Mr. Sims Rivers. On Wednesday Verdi's opera, "Traviata," was given, of course in English, introducing Madame Kenneth as Violetta. Of these performances we shall treat fully in our next. We have now only space to add that the season has opened in a brilliant manner, and with every prospect of success.

COVENT GARDEN—The Royal English Opera Company must be complimented for the signal success attending the production of "Heiweiln," the joint production of Mr. G. A. Macfarren and Mr. John Oxenford. The music throughout, if the number of encores nightly may be taken as a guarantee, is not only in Mr. Macfarren's happiest style, but it is replete with gems which at once come home to the heart. There is a thorough naturalness pervading the whole not to be found in many operas which of late have been brought out. The libretto of Mr. Oxenford is an adaptation of Moser's "Der Sonnenfreund," but additional interest is excited by the locale being changed to one of our loveliest English districts. The mountain ranges of Cumberland give ample opportunity for the production of scenic effect, and a more beautiful series of tableaux was never presented to the public than that furnished by Messrs. Grieve for the embellishment of this opera. Our space will not admit of our giving even a sketch of the plot, which is highly interesting, and in many parts serious. The incidents are many, and are well worked out. The very opening scene brings with it a little of the sensational—a foundry on fire—the handiwork of what is called the villain of the piece, one Luke (Mr. A. Lawrence), who, to gratify his revenge in being refused the hand of his master's daughter, sets fire to the place. The act is seen by a little girl, whose dying father is the suspected incendiary, while Luke, for the time, escapes. This forms the prologue. Years elapse, and the action may be said to commence at an harvest home, and perhaps the best, and decidedly the most musical, harvest home scene ever placed upon the stage. To do justice to this scene alone would occupy a column, so truthful is it in every detail. Another scene is the village churchyard on a Sunday morning. Here again all the accessories of the scene are given with the utmost elaboration, and the life-like reality of the tableau is extraordinary. People carry prayer-books as they saunter about the churchyard, where pride and lowliness both have their representatives, for a pretty young widow and her children in mourning pass over the stage, also a gorgeously-stirred lady with an attendant page. There are numerous other scenes, all of them bearing ample evidence of the consummate attention bestowed upon them. The principal characters are sustained by Madame Farpa, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. A. Lawrence (the new baritone) and Mr. H. C. C. all of whom exerted themselves to the utmost, and well have they been repaid by appreciative and delighted audiences. The chorus and orchestra, under Mr. A. Mellon, is all that could be desired; while the whole general arrangement of the mise-en-scene reflects the highest credit on the judgment and ability of Mr. H. Harris. Altogether, the opera of "Heiweiln" is a decided success.

DRURY LANE—Crowded audiences have assembled here nightly to witness the revival of "Macbeth" with a completeness of cast, splendour of scenery, costumes, and decoration, perhaps never before equalled. Mr. Phelps is the Macbeth, and few actors could lend greater intensity to the part of Macduff than Mr. Orswick. Of course, Miss Helen Faucit, who plays Lady Macbeth, we cannot speak too highly. In the great scenes with Macbeth, and more particularly that in which Lady Macbeth instigates him to the murder of Duncan, in the scene of the reading of Macbeth's letter, in the banquet scene, and more particularly in the sleep-walking scene, she was transcendent, going far beyond any actress we have seen in her comprehensiveness and poetical imagining of the character. Every justice has been done to the cast. Mr. Henry Marton plays Banquo, and Messrs. Robert Hoxby, Edmund Phelps, and G. Belmont, the three witches. The whole of Locke's music is given, with a very efficient chorus; the solos by Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Miss Emma Heywood. The scenery is a series of masterly tableaux, fresh from the pencil of Mr. William Beverley. We indicate, as of existing beauty and reality, the "Blasted Heath" in the first act, where Macbeth is stopped on his way by the "weird sisters"; the "Exterior and Court-yard of the Castle at Inverness"; the "Fit of Acheron," where the witches meet; and the outside of Macbeth's Castle, in the last act, with built-up terraces and flights of steps, and the donjon keep in the background, admitting of the disposition of numerous troops, so as to represent a downright conflict. "Macbeth" at Drury Lane is worth going to see for the scenery alone. The principals in this elaborate re-production have been nightly called before the curtain, and will doubtless receive similar honour up to the very last night of performance.

THE THEATRES generally are now being well attended, and their attractions, for this part of the season, are of a nature to well tide them on to Christmas.—The **HAYMARKET**, with the ballet of "The Sun and the Wind," the powerful acting of Mdlle. Beatrix in "The Stranger," the farces of "On the Sly," and "Our Mary Ann," is nightly crowded.—At the **ADELPHI**, we have Mr. J. Collins in his Irish impersonations, the "Colleen Bawn" affording him ample scope, and "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," and "Doing Bantering."—The **LYCEUM** is doing excellent business with "The King's Rattle," preceded by "Nursery Chalkwood."—**ASTLEY'S** has the all attractive Miss Menken as "Mazeppe."—The **SURRY** still crowds to witness "The Orange Girl," and "His First Campaign."—The **ST JAMES'S** has a great feature in "Sybilla," and also in "Under the Rose" and "Woodcock's Little Game."—The **PRINCE'S** finds it still unnecessary to withdraw "The Streets of London," and gives as usual an Irish farce to send the audience home delighted.—The **OLYMPIC** has opened its season under Mr. Horace Wigan most successfully, producing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Hidden Hand," and "My Wife's Bonnet."—**SADLER'S WELLS** has presented "The Wife," "The Duchess of Malfi," in which Miss Marriott shines so distinguishedly, and "Don Cesar de Bazan."—The **STRAND** and **ROYALTY**, with their burlesques and farces, the **VICTORIA** and **EAST-END** houses with their continued change of exciting dramas, keep the pleasure-seekers actively employed in going their rounds for amusement.

THE MUSIC HALLS on Wednesday evening last (Lord Mayor's day) were each of them enlivened with the new song of "Turn again, Whittington," the words by Eliza Cook, and the music by W. H. Montgomery, which appears in this week's (No. 15) issue of **BOW BELLS**. At the **PHARMACON**, Mr. George Allen, the conductor, sang the song with great effect; at **Sam Collins's** Islington-green, it was sung by Miss Constance; at **Weston's**, by Miss Fanny Harcourt; at **Drax's**, near Sadler's Wells, by Miss R. Phillips; the **Regent**, by Signor Alberto; the **Eastern**, Limehouse, by Miss Constance; the **Oriental**, Poplar, by Mr. J. Sipple; the **Metropolitan**, E. gowater-road, by Miss Melville; the **Marylebone**, High-street, Marylebone, by Mrs. George Ware; the **Cun**, Knightsbridge, by Miss Constance; the **Trevor**, Knightsbridge, by Miss G. H. George; the **Bedford**, Camden-town, by Miss Belmont; the **South London**, by Mr. Tom Harcourt; the **Middlesex**, Drury-lane, by Signor Alberto; the **Regent**, Westminster, by Mr. W. F. Montague; and the **Pantheon**, by Mrs. Brunton.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE DABBY—6 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (1); 18 to 1 agst Mr. W. L'Anson's Broadbalt (1); 100 to 7 agst Mr. Naylor's Chattanooga (1); 18 to 1 agst the Marquis of Hastings' The Duke (1); 33 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Brother to Minie (1); 50 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Zephyr (1); 66 to 1 agst Mr. A. J. Clifton's The Buck (1); 66 to 1 agst Lord Westmorland's Bramah (1).

THE CAPTURE OF THE FLORIDA.

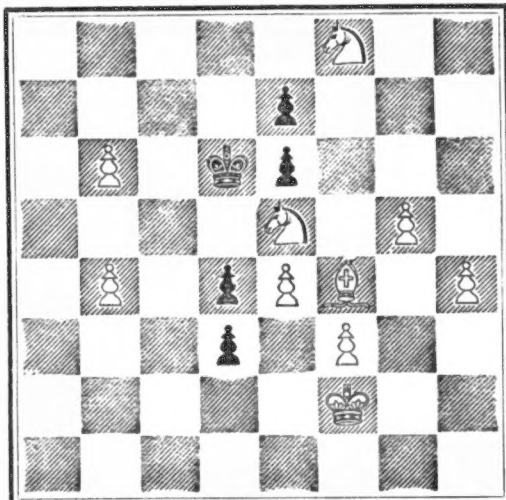
The following particulars of the capture of the Florida by the Federal steamer Wachusett, in the harbour of Bahia, have been furnished by an officer of the first-named vessel:—

"The Confederate steamer Florida, Captain Morris, arrived at Bahia at nine p.m. Oct 4. Just after ascending a boat passed under her stern and asked her name, and upon being answered stated that she was from H. B. M. steamer Curlew. The next morning, when it was found that there was no English man-of-war in port, the officers of the Florida at once concluded that the boat was from the United States steamer Wachusett. At nine a.m. the Florida was visited by a Brazilian naval officer, who was informed by the commander that he wished for provisions and coal, and also, if possible, to have a piece of machinery repaired. The officer then went to inform the President of the wishes of the commander, but before leaving said there must be no communication with the shore vessels until he heard from the authorities. At noon a letter was received from the President, informing Captain Morris of the Florida, that he was ready to receive him. Captain Morris at this interview was informed that he would be also sent forty-eight hours to remain in port, but that should the Brazilian chief engineer, who had already been sent on board the Florida to examine her machinery, judge the time too short, an extension would be granted. The President requested Captain Morris to give him his word of honour not to break either the laws of neutrality or of Brazil while in port, stating that he had already received the same assurances from the United States consul on the part of the United States ship Wachusett. This promise Captain Morris immediately gave. The Brazilian admiral, who was present during the interview, suggested to Captain Morris that he had better move his vessel nearer in shore, and between the Brazilian men-of-war, so as to prevent any chance of collision between the two belligerent vessels. Captain Morris at once repaired on board his vessel, and moved her to the designated anchorage. The Brazilian engineer, after his examination, reported that it would take four days to complete the necessary repairs. Having been many days at sea, and the usual stay in port being too short to give the crew liberty, Captain Morris determined to take advantage of the four days allowed him, and permit the crew to go ashore by watches for twelve hours, and accordingly sent one half ashore that afternoon (the 5th) to return the next day at midday. At 7.30 p.m. a boat came alongside, and upon being hailed answered that she was from the United States steamer Wachusett, with the United States consul, who had a communication for Captain Morris. The letter and a card of the consul were received by First Lieutenant Porter, who, after noticing that the former was simply directed to Captain Morris, sloop Florida, returned it to the boat, stating at the same time that the vessel was so addressed it would be received; the boat then shoved off. About one p.m. on the 6th a Mr. de Vidky came on board the Florida with a communication for the captain. He stated that he had received a letter from his friend the United States consul, enclosing one for Captain Morris. He then asked permission to read his letter to the captain before handing him the one intended for him. The consul requested Mr. de Vidky to carry the challenge to the Florida, and to inform the captain that if he would accept it he (the consul) would use his influence to have the Florida's repairs finished very rapidly. Captain Morris here stopped the gentleman, and said he had heard sufficient; that any letter from him, if properly addressed, would be received, and at the same time requested him to say to the United States consul that the Florida had come into Bahia for a special purpose, which being accomplished she would leave, that he would neither seek nor avoid the Wachusett, but should he encounter her at sea would do his utmost to destroy her. Mr. de Vidky then left, carrying back both letters. At five p.m. all except one or two of the port watch having returned on board, the stated watch was sent on liberty; several officers also went on shore. At 3.15 a.m. on the morning of the 7th, the moon having set, leaving the morning very dark, the Wachusett left her anchorage, and, passing the Brazilian men-of-war, steamed for the Florida, striking her starboard quarter, cutting the rail down to the deck, and carrying away the mizen mast, at the same time pouring upon the deck of the Florida a volley of musketry, and a charge of canister from her forecastle pivot gun. All that can be gathered of the occurrence on board the Florida is from the six men who escaped after her capture, and is as follows:—That the Wachusett approached from the direction of the entrance of the harbour, and as soon as perceived by the officer of the ship was hailed; the officer receiving no answer, called all hands to quarters; but before they were on deck the Wachusett struck the Florida as above stated; the Wachusett then backed off, continuing to fire upon the Florida, but upon getting well clear of her demanded her surrender, to which Lieut. Porter (who was in charge, the captain being ashore) answered no. The Wachusett then continued the firing, and some of the men saw and the after pivot gun, an eleven-inch Dahlgren. The officers and crew of the Florida made a short but gallant defence, and only surrendered when a large proportion of the small number on board had been killed or wounded. Of the officers, the only one known to be wounded was Mr. T. T. Hunter, jun. who was in charge of the deck. After the surrender, fifteen of the crew endeavoured to escape imprisonment by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. Only six of them succeeded, the remaining nine having been shot while in the water by men on the forecastle and in the boats of the Wachusett."

THE BLAKENLY LIFEBOAT—Blakeney, Norfolk, November 5 h.—I have the pleasure (writes the Rev. R. H. Tildard) to report that the lifeboat of the National Institution here has been instrumental in saving six lives this morning. A French *chasse maree*, the *Eleanor*, of Nantes, came on shore last night about half past nine o'clock, the wind blowing hard from N.N.W., and the night hazy. At daylight she was seen from Blakeney, and the weather being bad and the sea very heavy, it was determined to send the lifeboat out to her. The vessel was on the West Sand, about an hour's pull from the beach. When the lifeboat got alongside it was found that the vessel was aground, waterlogged, and rolling very heavily, the sea breaking over her. All hands on her were within a very little of being washed overboard in sight of the lifeboat's crew; they were prevented only by an oar lashed across the rigging. The poor fellows were overjoyed at sight of the lifeboat, and only too glad to leave their vessel and get on board the boat. They were landed at Blakeney-quay about ten o'clock. The lifeboat's crew speak in the highest possible terms of the boat, and especially of her sailing before the wind with a heavy sea following. They also say that she behaved beautifully in returning under canvas, and in pulling out against wind and tide with a very heavy beam sea. The cost of this valuable lifeboat was presented to the National Lifeboat Institution by Miss Brightwell, of Norwich.

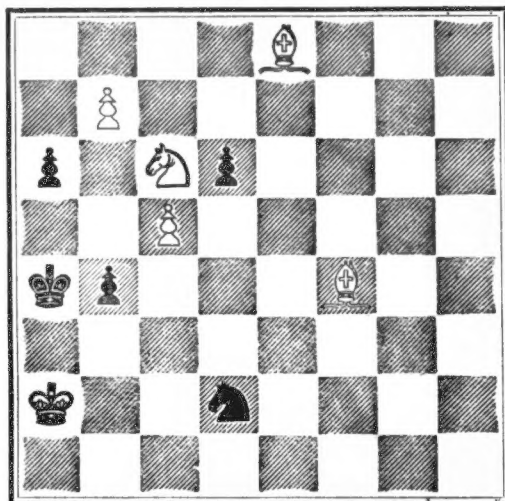
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 218.—By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 219.—By W. MACKENZIE, Esq.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game by correspondence between Messrs. Mitcheson and Harvey.

- | White.
Mr. W. Mitcheson. | Black.
Mr. F. Harvey. |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to Q B 4 | 3. B to Q P 4 |
| 4. P to Q B 3 | 4. Kt to K B 3 |
| 5. P to Q 4 | 5. P takes P |
| 6. P to K 5 | 6. P to Q 4 |
| 7. B to Q Kt 5 | 7. Kt to K 5 |
| 8. B takes Kt (ch) | 8. P takes B |
| 9. P takes P | 9. B to Q Kt 5 (a) |
| 10. Castles | 10. B to K Kt 5 |
| 11. B to K 3 | 11. Castles |
| 12. P to K B 3 | 12. B takes Kt |
| 13. Q takes B | 13. P to K B 3 (b) |
| 14. P takes P | 14. B takes P |
| 15. Q to K 2 | 15. R to K 3 (c) |
| 16. Q to Q B 2 | 16. Q to K B 3 |
| 17. Kt to Q B 3 (d) | 17. B takes Q P |
| 18. B takes B | 18. Q takes B |
| 19. Q R to Q square | 19. Q to Q B 4 |
| 20. R to Q 3 | 20. Q R to K square |

- (a) We prefer the check of the Bishop to this retreat.
(b) The *coup juste*. By this move Black acquires the better game.
(c) A useless and lost move. Black ought rather to have played R to K Kt 3, or Q to Q 2.
(d) An oversight, we presume; at least, it is difficult to see what prospective advantages White proposed to himself when he left the Queen's pawn en prise.
(e) White resigns gracefully, rather than prolong a hopeless defence.

A LITTLE before five o'clock on Saturday morning the people of Heckmondwike, in the West Riding, were aroused from sleep by a loud and sudden noise, which indicated some unusual casualty. It turned out that a large four-storey corn-mill had been almost totally destroyed by an explosion of gas, and that a man who had charge of the mill in the night-time had been so fearfully injured as to render his recovery hopeless. Not only were the roof and sides of the mill reduced to ruins, but many tons of flour and meal were scattered in all directions, so that the immediate locality presented an appearance as if a fall of snow had recently taken place. A corn-stable who was near the mill when the explosion took place states that the instantaneous blaze was so intense as to illuminate the sky very vividly. A shower of missiles instantly followed the flash, but fortunately injury to persons was avoided because of the deserted state of the streets. It is supposed that the bursting of a gas pipe was the cause of the explosion. Both the owner of the mill and the occupiers were insured.

POLICE COURTS
BOW STREET.

WESTMINSTER.

CLERKENWELL

Mr. Barker said he should be seen by the surgeon at the prison, and if he thought that the prisoner was too old he would let him go to hard labour.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

CAPTURE OF A GIG OF UTTERS OF COOUNTERFEIT COIN.—William Bolter, of Threl-street, Spita-fields, shoemaker, William Richardson, of Dean-street; Peter-lane, shoemaker, and John Byrne, of Har-jour, Farringdon-street, who described himself as a "professional sinner," were charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with conspiring together and knowingly uttering a counterfeit half-crown piece to Mr. William Darlington, of the Globe in Lion, 47, Wardour-street, Sibbo; and with uttering a counterfeit half-crown piece to Mrs. Maria Jackson, wife of Mr. Jackson, of the Crown, 326, Oxford-street, and with uttering another counterfeit half-crown piece to Mr. Bradick, of 422, Oxford-street. Mr. Darlington said: Last night, a little before six o'clock, I was in my parlour, and I put the coin in my own pocket. Bolter threw down a half-crown piece, and I gave the change. 21 3d. Richardson took up his pocket-book, and said he had an appointment with a gentleman. I then looked at the coin, and finding it was a counterfeit, I said, "You had better give me the change back, as the coin is counterfeit." Bolter gave me back the change, but said he had no more change, as he did not wish to charge a sovereign. Richardson said he had 21s., and gave it to me, and the prisoners then left, taking the counterfeit coin with them, but which I had marked. I followed them into Oxford-street, where they afterwards I followed under the portico of the Pantheon. I then saw a constable and told him what I had seen, and directly after the prisoners went into a public-house, and finding that they had not the countenance of the police, they were seized and taken into custody. Mrs. Maria Jackson said: Richardson and Bolter came to our house yesterday evening, and Bolter called for half a quarter of gin. I served them, and Richardson gave me a half-crown piece, and I gave him the change, not suspecting the coin to be bad. As soon as the prisoners left Mr. Darlington came in and spoke to me, and I then found the coin was bad. Bolter had been in the house a second time and passed a counterfeit two-shilling piece to the barmaid in payment for half a quarter of gin. Mr. Bradick said: Yesterday evening, about eight, Bolter came into my shop and took a leaf out of the window, and tendered me a half crown piece in payment. Just as I was giving Bolter change Richardson came in and took off my attention, and having been still for a long time I was off my guard. I put the coin in the till, and directly the prisoners left and I was bad. Joseph Smith, 327 A, grovel following and watching the prisoners for some time, accompanied by Mr. Darlington, and subsequently, with Pratt, 311 A, taking them into custody. Pratt, 311 A, said on searching Sykes he found a counterfeit half crown in his possession. Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the prisoners for the attendance of the Mint authorities.

MARYLEBONE.

MODEL SERVANT: Thomas Hore, aged 25, who said he was a butler out of place, was charged with stealing a pair of boots, a silk umbrella, and a felt hat, under the following circumstances:—George Garrett said: I am groom to Mr. Hancock, of 26 Wimpole-street. Last Saturday evening the prisoner was in our house as a friend, he being out of place, and hard upon the Prisoner: Don't say that. Mr. Yardley: Don't interrupt. Witness continued: There were some boots in the house, and prisoner asked me to lend him a pair, because his own were cracked across the uppers. I refused to do it. Some little time after I missed the prisoner and a pair of boots. Prisoner: He statement is wrong. We had been out drinking together, and he got the worse for it. I took him home to his master's house, and put him to bed, knowing nothing of the boots. Witness: I have also missed a silk umbrella belonging to my master. Mr. Yardley: Have you been entertaining the prisoner in your master's house? Witness: Yes, sir. Mr. Yardley: At your own expense? Witness: No, sir. Mr. Yardley: With your master's leave? Witness: No. Mr. Yardley: Is your master in town? Witness: No, sir. Mr. Yardley: I hope that he will hear or see this. John Roebuck said: I am butler to Mr. Hancock. Mr. Yardley: Have you been entertaining the prisoner also? Witness: Yes, sir. I missed my felt hat, which I found on his head this morning. He left his own behind. Mr. Yardley: Where is it? Witness: In the room he left it in. Mr. Yardley: Did you see your master's things when he was in town? Witness: Mr. Yardley (to Roebuck): Did you your master's permission to entertain the prisoner? Roebuck said: No, sir. Mr. Yardley: I say again, I do hope that your master will hear of this through some source. The prisoner is remanded.

WORSHIP STREET.

A FOOLISH GIRL—Jatherine McDonald, aged 18, described as a servant in King Edward's-road, Hackney, was charged upon her own confession with attempting suicide. Dennis, 190 N. stated that he was sent for that morning to the Sacredist Workhouse to take into custody a young woman who had attempted to drown herself in the Regent's Canal the night before. The prisoner was pointed out to him, and he took her in charge to the station. A young man had begged her out, and a constable of the station had taken her to the station and had been threatened to be beaten up. She voluntarily told him that she had made the attempt upon her life, that she would be rather dead than alive, and that she was so miserable that she was much better in the canal than alive. The prisoner said she was now very sorry for what she had done, and would never commit such an act again. The constable said that the prisoner's mother was to be sent, and a respectable-looking middle-aged woman stood forward and said that she was the mother of the girl, and that she was a lady. The constable said that she was there up to the time she made this statement. On finding her in custody she questioned her to ascertain the reason of her conduct, and the only one she could assign was that she could not give satisfaction in her situation, and as she did not like to be reproved by her mistress, who had given her notice to leave on Saturday night, she had determined to make away with herself. Mr. Ellison said this was a very poor reason for such an offence, and ordered her to be remanded to the House of Detention for a week.

THAMES.

A PILOT IN HIS COAT.—Joshua Wright, a portly man of Kent, was brought before Mr. Paget charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of himself. Skipper, a police-constable, No. 25 H., saw the prisoner walking over tower-hill on Saturday night at nine o'clock, but he kept a very uneven keel, and was brought up all standing against the railings which surround the glacis. The prisoner held on for a short time, and then released himself and set sail again. He soon came into collision with some trees on the hill, fell against one of them and fendered. The policeman afterwards went to him, and finding he was indigestion-ridden him, and endeavoured to get him under weigh again, but he failed, and after trying in vain to get a quarter of an hour's riding he couldn't make any more of him, he conveyed him to the station-house. Mr. Paget: The prisoner had a good deal of property about him? Skipper: Yes, sir, a bag, with valuable property, a watch, money, and other property. The place where he fell is very dangerous—there are many land-sharks, loose women, and other thieves about Tower hill. The prisoner, in defence, said he was much obliged to the police for taking care of him and his property. He was not drunk, but worn out. Mr. Paget: How worn out? The prisoner: I brought a ship up from the Downs. We had bad weather. I was with her for a week, and had no rest. I was regularly worn out. Mr. Paget: I should be sorry to entrust you with a ship if you get drunk. The prisoner: I am fit to go on board ship. Mr. Paget: How do you come from? The prisoner: From Mr. Paget: I am afraid you had some grog on Sunday, and could not pilot yourself correctly. The prisoner: Well, I had a glass of grog, but I was worn out. Mr. Paget: You must pay a fine of £5 for being drunk and incapable.

A MISTAKE.—A poor and decent woman who was much agitated, and who gave the name of Ann E. Stanton Muckerze, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of herself. A policeman stated No. 181 E. state that at two o'clock that morning he found the prisoner atatched on the ground in Sutton street, St. George's-in-the-East. She was quite incohsistent, and he concluded that she was dead drunk, and conveyed her to the station-house. She continued cold and senseless. She was put before the fire and warmed, and the inspector and himself, chafed her hands and revived her. She had two or three fits, and the divisional surgeon of police was hastily summoned, who prescribed for her and said she was intoxicated, but ill, and subject to epileptic fits. He ordered her removal to the workhouse, and she had just left there to answer the charge. Mr. Paget: Not of drunkenness. She was not drunk. Witness: No, sir; it was a mistake. She was treated kindly at the station-house, and we paid her every attention. Mr. Paget: I am glad to hear of it. It is a very common mistake indeed. She was sent back to the workhouse. Witness: She has a home to go to. She is a very respectable woman, and works in a pickling warehouse. The prisoner: I am sent to St. I am very glad he did not die. Mr. Paget: It is very fortunate that the policeman did not die. You ought to be much obliged to him. The prisoner then left the court.

SOUTHWARK.

A DANGEROUS "LARK."—George Riley and William Bowdery, two young sailors in Her Majesty's service, and belonging to the Edgar, lying at Portsmouth, were charged with throwing lighted lucifer matches among

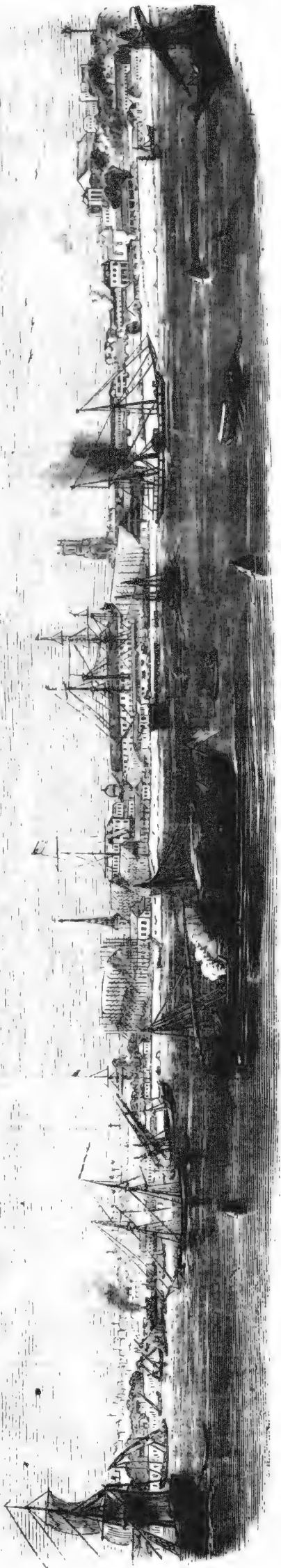
the audience at the Surrey Theatre, causing considerable alarm and confusion, and otherwise disgracefully conducting themselves. Mr. Stephen Smith, the treasurer of the theatre, said that a little after seven o'clock on the previous evening he heard a great tumult in the gallery, and he perceived that a large number of persons were standing up and a struggle was taking place between some persons near the side. He proceeded by a private staircase, heard some one cry "Fire!" and on reaching the gallery he saw Bowery very violent and struggling with a soldier and other persons. Witness used all his endeavours to get the prisoner ejected, and then he restored order and quietness among the other persons remaining in the gallery. He did not think there was any cause for the alarm of fire. He was, however, informed that the prisoners had thrown lighted matches from their seats in the gallery, and that they called out "Fire!" At he witnessed saw their violent conduct on being taken into custody. One of the assistant-managers of the theatre said that a little after seven o'clock on the previous evening he was in front of the building when he saw a number of persons rushing down the gallery stairs crying out "Fire!" Being certain that all was safe inside the theatre, he ran up the stairs with the view of putting a stop to the commotion, and on arriving in the gallery he offered a reward to any one who would point out the persons who had caused the false and wicked alarm of fire. The prisoners were pointed out to him. He was smoking a pipe, and he cut and smacking his arms about, and he cried out "What is this?" with a violent and angry expression, and after considerable trouble they were ejected, and he gave them into our custody. Mr. Woolrich asks if he saw the prisoners throw lighted matches. Witness replies that he did not, but he was informed that one of them threw a lighted match among the audience below, and then called out "Fire!" While witness was trying to secure Biley the latter took a knife from his pocket and endeavoured to attack him with it, but he knocked it out of his hand, and then he was prevented doing further mischief. Nathan Summers, a private of the first battalion of Coldstream Guards, said he was in the gallery at the time mentioned, and shortly after the performance commenced the prisoners placed themselves forward near him, and snatched several lighted matches from him. He then took a lighted match from his pocket and threw the matches over the side of the gallery. One of the officers fell on a lady's dress in the box beneath and set it on fire. If he saw, however, immediately extinguished. One of the prisoners then called out "Fire!" as loud as he could, and when witness got up to assure his friends and all those near that all was right the prisoners attacked him. He, however, assisted the officers in securing them, and removed them from the gallery. The prisoners were not sober. They both appeared very much excited from drink. In answer to the charge the prisoners said they went to the theatre for a spree, as they had only come up to London for a holiday; they did not know they had done any harm. Mr. Woolrich inquired if any one was seriously injured in the bar. He said that the assistant manager replied that he understood several women were much bruised, and that the assistant one had her ankle broken. Fortunately, the disturbance was confined to a portion of the gallery, and through the timely exertions of the officials of the theatre the performance was not suspended. Mr. Woolrich ordered the prisoners to find bail for their future good conduct; and, as they were unable to do this, they were conveyed to Horse-monger-lane-gaol.

IMMUDENT ROBBERY.—Thomas Foster, a well-to-do young fellow, well known to the police, was placed before them before Mr. Woolrich for dual examination, charged with being a luncheon containing a strong suspicion of robbery, taken from the Hand-in-Hand all and refreshment men, 8, St. Stephen's street, Long lane, Bermondsey, the property of Mrs. Emma Barrows, the landlady. Mrs. Barrows, the wife of the proprietor, at about eleven o'clock in the morning of Friday week she was in her bar parlour (her husband being out at the time) when she saw the prisoner pass through to the parlour. He ordered a glass of ale, which was supplied to him, with the newspaper. About ten minutes afterwards she heard someone on the stairs and on going into the passage she saw the prisoner coming down stairs with her writing desk under his arm. She stopped him and asked him what he was going to do with that; when he said he had just posted it up in the post-office, and he would like to know if it belonged. She watched it from him, and he took off his hat and sent a young man after him to take him into custody. Two constables who were approaching him examined the upper part of the house and found that her bedroom had been entered and all the drawers and cupboards forced open, and property strewn about in all directions. The cash-box laid on the bed forced open, but there the thief was disappointed, as her husband had a short time previous taken away all the money excepting half a sovereign and a half-penny. Two detectives of the M division said they were passing the house at the time, and saw the prisoner rush out, followed by a young man named Carpentier. After a smart chase they succeeded in capturing him, when they found on him a Chubb's patent latch key, two shilling keys, a half-sovereign, and some memoranda, while Mrs. Barrows testified as having been told by the cash box in her bedroom. Thomas Carpentier was taken from the cash box in the bedroom. Thomas Carpentier pointed out the prisoner as having robbed the house. He pursued him and watched the officers in capturing him. The prisoner, who was well-known to the police, reserved his defence, and Mr. Woolrich fully committed him for trial.

LAMBETH.

A PUGNACIOUS MRS. ORARY.—Mr. William Newman, late a city missionary, and for some time a Bible-reader in the parish of St. Mary's, Newington, was finally examined on a charge of assaulting and destroying the right eye of Henry Bowler, a dog-scoller-maker, and for some time a member of his Bible-class. Mr. P. Phillips, solicitor, appeared for the defendant. It will be recollected, from a report given on the former examination, that early in the month of June last a subscription was about to be set on foot by Mr. Newman, for the purpose of giving a new coat of paint to the church. The scheme was abandoned in consequence of the complainant suggesting that if the £20 was collected, it would be much better to give it to the poor wife and family of Newman than to a drunken fellow like himself. On the 7th of June the defendant was in the neighbourhood of the complainant's residence, and Mr. Bowler seeing him requested he would aid in raising some money belonging to the Bible-class which her husband had been accused of stealing. Newman refused to do so, and abused her, saying that her husband had become a beggar since he left him; and that she (the wife) lived by the tickets she got from the church people. Bowler having heard this came from his house and told Newman that he was drunk and that if he did not go about his business he should give him a lesson, and that if he did not like that he should give him a lesson. Newman then took the custody of a constable and lock him up. Newman then gave him a violent blow with his fist, and he did not completely destroyed the sight. In cross-examination by Mr. Philip Bowler said that he had known Mr. Newman some years, and had been a member of his Bible-class. He denied seeing him a drunken vagabond or striking him. All he said to him was that he was drunk, and that if he did not go away he should give him a lesson, and lock him up. He did not get the defendant's "head into Chancery," but after his eye was injured he did his best to protect the other eyes. Louisa Bowler, the daughter of the complainant, said that about a fortnight before the occurrence spoken of Mr. Newman called at her father's house and asked for him, and on her saying her father was out he put up his clenched fist, and said, "I'll give him a tupper for that." Two constables divers deposed that they had seen Newman struck near the house of Bowler, and heard the latter tell him that if he did not go away he should lock him up. They also said that Newman did not go away but Newman gave Bowler a desperate blow on the forehead, and Newman gave him a violent blow on the forehead. He has dashed my eye out." A third witness, an omnibus conductor, who had a much better opportunity of seeing what was going on, was then called. He said that he was standing on his omnibus when the defendant was in the street, and he saw the defendant's hand being pushed into it. A female witness said that on the 13th of June he met Mr. Newman near the Lion square, and then told him that it was reported that he had a sharp flint stone or some other missile in his hand when he struck Bowler and destroyed his eye, and he replied that it was not so—that it was done with his knuckles. He also said that at that time had got a situation from the Rev. Mr. Garratt, near Drury-lane, at £25 a week. Mr. Philip addressed the magistrate at some length, pointing out the discrepancies in the evidence to support the charge, and called several witnesses, principally tract distributors, to give evidence, and then called a doctor for surgery, &c., and it appeared that the defendant had resigned his situation as missionary for May last, in consequence, it was said, of some domestic differences. Mr. Norton remarked that the weight of evidence was much in favour of the complaint, and asked him what he wished in the matter. Bowler said that when the case was sent to the sessions, He added that he had known the defendant to be a drunkard for three years, and he (Newman) had little feeling for him. The defendant was committed to take his trial at the next assizes, but was admitted to bail.

GUZ FAWARS CELEBRATIONS.—John Hitchcock, aged 15, was brought before M. Elliott on the following charge:—P. H. Hone, 44½, testified that on Saturday night he saw the prisoner come from a bonfire with a lighted faggot and set fire to a clump of furze on a grassy common, and the furze instantly blazed up. Elliott provided the prisoner in a penalty of 10s, together with his costs, the amount of the damage, or fourteen days imprisonment. Four young men were convicted in a penalty of 1s, or six days imprisonment, for discharging fireworks in the public streets, and it was stated by one of the constables that an unfortunate cabman had had his leg and other bone broken, and is at present in a dangerous state in the hospital, by his horse taking fright and running away in consequence of the discharge of fireworks on Saturday night.



THE ROADSTEAD OF BOMBAY.

TERRIFIC HURRICANE AT CALCUTTA.

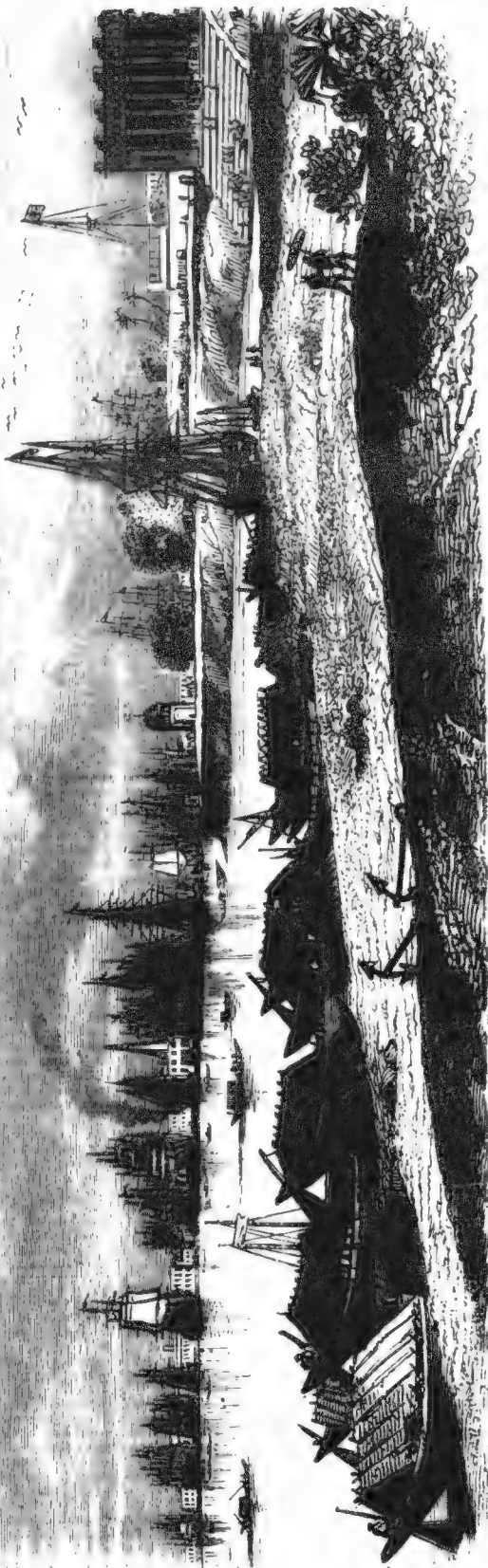
A TELEGRAM received from Calcutta, dated Oct. 5, gives particulars of a terrific hurricane which swept over that port on the 5th, and which has never before been equalled in intensity, or the devastation it has created among the shipping in the harbour. Out of 200 vessels not one escaped damage, and nineteen were totally lost. Only twenty are seaworthy. The ships Iron Duke, Tornado, Knight Commander are but slightly damaged; but the Waterloo, Red Rose, War Eagle, Lady Gladstone, and Madoff are above, considerably injured. Twelve steamships were destroyed. The following is a list of the Liverpool ships which have been totally wrecked, and as all these vessels were of first-class construction, their loss will fall heavily on the underwriters:—Baron Renfrew, Girundpoor, Loo Choo, Vespasian, Lady Franklin, Singapore, Thug, Phoenix, Barshee, Linnet, Stettin, Dewarhat, Fire Queen, Great Taranian, and Solway.

The Paris papers publish a telegram from Calcutta, giving the following details of the destruction caused by the late hurricane at Calcutta:—

"A hundred and ten ships were wrecked and 12,000 persons drowned. The total loss is estimated at 200,000,000. A great portion of the city was inundated, and the villages bordering on the river were under water.

We give an engraving above of the Pool at Calcutta, the scene of this terrible calamity.

As a companion engraving, we give the roadstead of Bombay, which, after Calcutta and Canton, is the largest port of the East. Bombay has a



THE POOL AT CALCUTTA, THE SCENE OF THE LATE TERRIFIC HURRICANE.

good harbour, but the land is for the most part low, swampy, and barren, and was formerly very unhealthy; but it has been much improved by drainage and embankments. The city consists of two portions—the old town, or fort, and the new town, or Durgaree. The fort stands on the south-east extremity of the island, on a narrow neck of land immediately over the harbour. It is surrounded by extensive fortifications, which, towards the sea, are very strong. During the last few centuries this coast has also been visited by volcanic phenomena, earthquakes, and terrible whirlwinds.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO A CORPORAL OF ROYAL MARINES.—Mr. C. J. Cartier, coroner for West Kent, on Monday held an inquiry at the Freemasons' Tavern, Woolwich, into the circumstances attending the death of Corporal David Buchanan, Royal Marines. The evidence proved that the deceased was on duty on board the steam store-ship Supply, now at the dockyard, and on Thursday night week was walking on the deck of that vessel when he accidentally fell into the hold, a depth of nineteen feet, and received such extensive injuries that he expired a few hours afterwards at the Royal Marine Infirmary. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

A LONG-PENDING SUIT.—Some few days since a suit was terminated in Hungary which had engaged the courts in that country for 180 years. The dispute was between the families Wundary and Bruckey, each of whom claimed an immense estate. The result of this long litigation is that the latter family remain in possession of the domain.

THE LATE MR. JOHN LEECH.

JOHN LEECH, the distinguished artist, the ornament and the mainstay of *Punch*, died on Saturday evening, the 29th ult., of *angina pectoris*. John Leech was but forty-seven years old. On Friday he was able to go out; on Saturday he had a children's party at his house—he died that evening. No one loved children more than John Leech; their humours, their absurdities, their saucinesses, found in him a genial and kind delineator. Surely it was fitting that he should die in the company of those whom he loved so well. It was shocking that so great an artist, and so good a man, should die with almost appalling suddenness; but—if one might venture to say so—the friend of youths, the hearty patron of all boyish sports, the cheery joker at the follies of boys and girls, has died while entertaining children. All who appreciate the keenest humour, unalloyed by coarseness, ill-temper, or profanity, will deeply regret the death of John Leech. A most pleasant companion, a true humourist, an artist of real genius,—where shall we find his successor?

John Leech was born in 1817, and was educated, like Mr. Thackeray at Charterhouse School. He was destined for the medical profession, but he very soon left it, and took to art. It has been said that he first distinguished himself in *Punch*. This is not the case, says the *Era*. He was the author of several illustrations in the *Charivari*; on, *Le Courrier des Dames*, and he was especially noted for his illustrations to "Jacob Diddle-croft," which was afterwards reprinted in a separate form. In 1841 Mr. Leech was engaged on *Punch*. At this time he was not generally known, and his "device," in the corner of every sketch, was a leech in a bottle. Latterly the initials "J. L." have been "familiar in our mouths as household words."

It would be absurd to attempt to enumerate the most amusing or the most effective pictures of John Leech. All London knows his beautiful young girls, his chimney sweeps, his old girls aping their juniors, his young boys saucing their seniors his sketches in Rotten-row, his views in various watering-places, his pictures from France, from Wales, from Scotland. He earned a great amount of popularity by his sketches of Mr. Briggs; and it is a curious circumstance that he left town for Hamburg on the day when Mr. Briggs, of Hackney, was murdered (the 9th of July), and died on the day when Muller was convicted of the murder of Mr. Briggs. Among his sketches were several which were appropriated by Parisian conveyancers, notably a very popular one of a wretched London shopman who entered a Paris *café*, and on demanding *café* of the "garçon," was surprised at the "garçon" offering him the *Times*. "How the devil could he know that I was an Englishman?" The hand of a swell and the hand of a costermonger; the foot of a pretty miss, and the foot of a frowsy old duenna—all received a most discriminating appreciation from the eminent artist. Then Leech's horses are noteworthy. The



THE LATE MR. JOHN LEECH.

swell's thoroughbred and the cabman's hack are equally characteristic. All phases of social life were familiar to John Leech, at home and abroad, in Bond-street and in Chesham, in the Isle of Wight and up the Rhine. He could wither a miserable counter-jumper with the lightest touch of his pencil, and he could annihilate

with equal zest an aristocratic snob. For more than twenty years Mr. Leech has delighted the British public with his sketches. He was never ill-humoured, never offensive, never illiberal. His humour was the humour of a good and great artist—genial, playful, and generous.

John Leech has been at length struck down in his prime. At the age of forty-seven he has died of the awful disease which killed Arnold—also in his prime. It has been said that his end was hastened by the abominable organ-grinders, who drove him to distraction, and forced him to leave his house in Brunswick-square. If this be the case, a heavy responsibility rests on the souls of these peripatetic ruffians (if they have any souls), for the life of John Leech was worth more than the life of every greasy scoundrel who grinds inharmonious sounds within the metropolitan limits, to the disgust of all respectable persons.

Yesterday week the remains of the late Mr. John Leech were consigned to their last resting-place in All Souls' Cemetery, Kensal-green, in the midst of many sorrowing friends. From the house of the deceased in the Crescent, Kensington-road, the plain and simple funeral cortege started at half-past twelve o'clock. The carriages occupied by the mourners were arranged as follows:—

1st Coach.—Charles Eaton, T. Eaton, John Leech, John E. Millais, and Charles Adams.

2nd.—Dr. R. Quain, Dr. Walshe, W. B. Hutchinson, Esq., — Evans, and Samuel Denton.

3rd.—F. Evans, Esq., Shirley Brooks, John Tenniel, and Horace Mayhew.

4th.—H. Silver, S. Lucas, O. Keene, and Tom Taylor.

5th.—F. O. Burnand, F. Evans, jun., W. Bradbury, jun., and Percival Leigh.

6th.—Mark Lemon, A. Armstrong, W. H. Howard, and Felix Joyce.

Pall-bearers:—Right—F. O. Burnand, Mr. Evans, sen., Horace Mayhew, John Tenniel, and Henry Silver. Left—S. Lucas, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, and Percival Leigh.

The hearse was an open platform, with velvet pall, embroidered with white silk, with immortelles, having on the one side an escutcheon marked "J. L." The coffin was a plain one, with a plate unostentatiously marked with the name of the deceased, and the date of his birth and death.

Amongst those who were assembled on the ground, and who witnessed the coffin removed from the hearse into the chapel, were—Mr. J. T. Delane, Mr. Mowbray Morris, the Rev. H. Roberts, the Rev. George Currey, preacher at the Charter House; Mr. William H. Russell, Mr. Felix Keyvett, Mr. A. B. Kelly, Mr. James C. O'Dowd (barrister), Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. R. Orridge (barrister), Mr. Parkisson, Mr. George Hodder, Mr. Edward Doyle, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Edward Murray, Mr. Philip, R.A., Mr. German Reed, Mr. Creswick, and numerous other gentlemen.

Literature.

THE TWIN-SISTERS OF MALTA.*

FROM THE DUTCH OF MADAME BOSBOOM TOUSSAINT.

How pleasantly are not the rocky shores of Malta still reflected on the calm blue surface of the Mediterranean sea, when the golden rays of the evening sun are dancing upon it!

Yet alas! This Malta, with its proud steps of granite, its threatening canons, and its peaceful industry; with its simple flat roofs, and its fantastic balconies; with the blood-red oranges, and the sweetest grapes in the world; the aged orphan of the old chieftains, which languishes in eternal minority under English guardianship; this Malta is no longer what it formerly was. One would be wronging it to call it the shadow of its bygone splendour, for the shadow resembles the original, if even only in uncertain and faint outlines; but Malta has entirely lost its early forms. Perhaps here and there a single rare feature of its past lustre reminds one that the Malta of the nineteenth century as little resembles that of the time of Hugo de Payens, as the lords of the woolstack resemble the grand masters of old.

A totally different life now prevails there. The dreaded enemy of the Mussulman faith, who enthusiastically brandished the Cross against the Crescent, no longer claims tribute from Turk and Pagan; on the contrary, it has become a great custom-house, while English toll-gatherers demand tribute from every sail which is hoisted on the wide navigable waters of the Mediterranean Sea. The naked rocks, to which each Paladin brought a handful of earth, became a fruitful island, warmed by Africa's sun, and enlightened by European civilization. The poetical abode of the pious knights has become the prosaic seat of extensive commerce; it is at once the blessed spot where, with each breath, one inhales renovated health, and whither the aristocracy of England, the *bonne société* of France, and fashionable travellers from every other nation, resort with pleasure. In short, Malta need not regret that it has kept pace with the times; it has not lost much of its consequence since it exchanged the white banner for the union jack of Great Britain.

But I have allowed myself to be too far carried away by my reflections, which are so little suited to my insignificant tale. I had much better have said a few words about the women of this charming island, those women so entirely peculiar, in whom the fire of the Arab females is so intimately blended with the captivating, languishing manners of those of Sicily, who in graceful yield precedence to none of their southern sisters. Above all, they recall to the observer that Africa is in the rear, and that there Europe begins.

*Among the variety of articles in "Bentley's Miscellany" for November is a translation from the Dutch of Madame Bosboom Toussaint, who is considered one of the first female writers of the present age in Holland. We extract the translation, and our readers will judge for themselves that "Bentley" has done service in giving this translation.]

Among these the twin sisters, Peppa and Magallon, deserved the prize of beauty. Richer and darker hair seldom adorned brows of more delicate transparency. Their blue-black eyes sparkled like bright out steel, and between their lips, whose redness reminded one of fresh pomegranates, glittered teeth as white as the purest pearls of Coromandel. Their features bespoke oriental excitability, tempered by mildness, which, added to the tone of true amiability that pervaded their whole manner, lent a singular charm to their words and movements. Education and practice had made them both familiar with the first European languages, yet they preferred to speak the Maltese-Arabic, which still exists among the people, the agreeable sound of which, and the power of its expressions, cause one to forget that it is entirely wanting in literary cultivation.

It would be difficult to say which of the twin sisters was the handsomer, or in what Peppa's beauty differed from Magallon's. In form, face, voice, gait, and movement they were entirely alike; and this resemblance was much increased by their dress being exactly the same. They wore the Maltese *cuella*, which was fastened to a little satin hat interwoven with gold thread, thus greatly heightening the shining blackness of their hair. Both wore bodices of cherry-coloured velvet, richly embroidered, and light blue over skirts of slight gauzy texture. Their sleeves of Venetian silver gauze by no means hid their beautiful rounded arms, with the delicate little hands, which played with fans the same in colour and size. Peppa, however, had a bunch of flowers in her hat, without which precaution her own father, the worthy Paolo Paterno, would not have been able to distinguish the first-born from her sister. The same education, the same fate, always being together (they had never yet been separated for longer than an hour or so), could not fail to have effect upon their feelings and actions; and even their nurse declared that she had never met with exterior resemblance joined to such perfect similarity of disposition. They were sisters in every sense of the word.

Good Paolo Paterno, who had lost his wife in the bloom of her youth, and could never reconcile himself to a second marriage, found his only comfort in his lovely daughters, who but seldom caused him to regret that they were not sons, to whom he could have bequeathed his name and brigantine. He was owner of a merchantman, which after performing for several years successful voyages, had made him one of the most wealthy inhabitants of La Valetta.

When Peppa and Magallon had attained their fourteenth year, the thoughts of his successor occupied Paolo more and more. He, therefore, took into his house the son of an only brother, who had fallen under Napoleon, and, although still very young, Matteo was betrothed to Peppa. Another and more brilliant match had offered for Magallon, the nephew and partner of one of the richest merchants in Malta, who was a Greek by birth, a Maltese by necessity, and a merchant with all his heart and soul.

The two damsels had not hesitated a moment to consent to their union with the gentlemen selected for them, and, without further thought, they calmly looked forward to the coming event, which each day brought nearer.

One day Paolo, who was accustomed every year to take some

excursion, accompanied by his children, proposed to them that they should go with him once more before their marriages on a trip to Algiers, which place, under the hands of its French conqueror, was undergoing such wonderful reforms.

The beautiful twins wished for nothing better, and they soon set out on their voyage. But in the way in which they took leave of their lovers, and in the manner in which they greeted them on their return, there was too striking a difference to escape the notice of the young men.

Peppa treated Matteo more coldly and formally than she had ever done before, and Magallon's proud lover had to bear whims and violence of which he had never suspected her capable. The former bore it patiently, as one who was painfully familiar with misfortune and suffering; the Greek, on the contrary, became irritated and suspicious. Notwithstanding that the father saw this change with great sorrow, he could not imagine what could be its cause; he could not understand what had so suddenly transformed his lively, gay daughters into such whimsical, morose girls; why these gentle dear ones were so capricious and orn to those who had claims upon their love. The honest captain possessed, it is true, plenty of natural common sense for every-day life, but he understood nothing of the fine shades of the female heart, and he was not capable of discovering what lay behind the aspic which he daily encountered; this was beyond his power. The truth was, however, that the twenty days spent by the damsels, apparently so indifferently and monotonously, within the walls of the house of quarantine, after their return from Africa, had been rich in events and experience, which had suddenly made them much older and more knowing, if not more sensible.

For those in good health, the house of quarantine at Malta is no gloomy invalid's prison, full of privations and oppressive constraint; the only constraint that one meets with there is, that it cannot be quitted at one's pleasure, and that there is no communication with the outer world. But it is a roomy, airy dwelling, with which every one would be pleased if it only bore another name; where every one can choose his own apartment according to his rank and means, and settle himself as he thinks best; where one soon feels at home, just like a frequented chateau on rainy days. While promenading in the galleries or on the broad terrace, one makes acquaintances, exchanges friendly words, and arranges to meet in future at some place of general resort, as one does at the promenades and watering places; and, as the assemblage is less numerous, and the choice, therefore, more limited, one even sooner becomes intimately acquainted.

Thus it happened, when Peppa and Magallon wandered arm-in-arm upon the terrace, enjoying the pure morning air, or watching the last rays of the evening sun, that they were soon remarked by all the young men. By one, however, in particular; he was a Frenchman, the young Count Jules de St. Elme, who, from discontent and aversion of the artificial tone of society, and the vice of the higher circles in Paris, his native place, had escaped from thence to seek among people less cultivated, and under other zones, that purity which he considered lost in his fatherland. But in the East, the poor young man met with the same character under another form, only more distinctly

displayed, and in more repulsive traits, for it appeared under coarse expressions and almost brutish roughness. Thus in despair of finding there what he desired, he returned to Europe, still uncertain in which of its countries he should now seek for his ideal; for, notwithstanding he had become acquainted with loveliness in the boudoirs of Paris, where it is called coquetry, and in the pavilions of the East, where it is called sensuality, he still hoped to find the woman who did not only think that he was a count, that he had ten thousand a year, or that he was the lion to conquer whom vanity vied in every drawing-room, or the lively youth with the dark blue eyes and the Grecian profile; no, the woman who had a heart capable of responding to his own, and who would willingly listen to him without making inward calculations while half yawning at his words of love. Expecting so much as he did, it may be supposed that he had not yet fixed on his future destination, when plenty of time was afforded him to reflect and determine in the house of quarantine.

Our charming twins had already been a few days in quarantine when he arrived. After seeing the beautiful sisters once or twice, and having spoken to them a few times, can you blame him that he came to the bitter conclusion that he was in love, not with Magallon, not with Peppa, but with both, and without being able to say which of them he would choose and which refuse, if he were permitted to take his choice? It was positively not his fault.

When they hovered before him, each movement full of grace when at the same moment the fire of those two pairs of dark eyes met his, and with equal timidity were turned from him; when both the young faces were overpread with a similar blush, and the sweet voices spoke to him with equally natural frankness, then the irresistible charm of both enchantresses captivated him and drew him towards them; then, indeed, one could pity the poor, romantic count, perhaps even laugh at him a little, as he stood caught in the fatal net; but to blame him—that was impossible.

And in the sweet sisters too, who until now had been accustomed to live without reflection and without meditation, without remembrance and without hope, feelings and sensations sprang up, which they did not communicate to each other, not because they wished to keep them secret from each other, but because they did not understand them; because they were not accustomed to examine themselves, to investigate their hearts, and account to themselves for their feelings. Perhaps an experienced woman of the world would have drawn many artless confessions from their conversations which they themselves did not discover in them. So far is certain, that both became uneasy as soon as the hour for the usual promenade approached; that whenever the young Frenchman had had a long and friendly chat with them, they thought the house of quarantine the most delightful residence in the world; but had caprice, or some other cause, banished the count to his room, it appeared to them tiresome and unbearable.

And it was not to be wondered at that the pretty Maltese maidens were captivated with the young Parisian. His beauty was not the magnet, for Matteo's good looks caused him to be the envy of all the young men of his acquaintance, and Magallon's handsome fiancé gave place to none of his countrymen in appearance. Compared to them the pale Parisian might have appeared to disadvantage. But the very fact that he was a Parisian, that he came from the admired and much-praised capital of fashion, the pleasure-garden of the arts, was a superiority which made an impression on them both. They had never had any intercourse with Europeans from the best circles of the capitals. In their own native place their station in society was not sufficiently high to gain them admittance into the first circles of the English authorities. Those of less importance who visited them were below them, and Colechontis was a prejudiced Greek, and Matteo a thorough Maltese, who would sooner have buried himself among the cotton plantations of Gozo than mix with the nation for whose foreign emperor his father had fallen.

Thus when young St. Elme addressed them in French, such as they had never heard; when he spoke to them in the language of gallantry and passion; when, with the warmth and national pride of a true Frenchman, he told them of the wonders of his native town, and listened with the interest and attention of a refined man of the world to their description of their little excursions; when he answered their various questions with inexhaustible eloquence, and entered into their feelings with a good nature which they could not have expected from him, a stranger; then their exalted fancy was worked up into an agitation, an ecstasy, the source of which they could not guess, but whose cause they recognised and loved in Jules.

He, meanwhile, seriously sought to understand his own heart, and longed extremely for an opportunity to become more particularly acquainted with each sister; yet how was this possible, since they never separated from each other, and since in their innocence they never perceived the slightest reason for so doing?

He already doubted of being able to accomplish his desire, when one evening that the terrace was more full than usual, he succeeded in the crowd in gaining possession of the arm of one of the two beauties, while the father accompanied the other. Later in the evening he skillfully exchanged the one for the other, and thus was able—a second Don Juan, only with less wicked intentions—to pour out to each many ardent professions of love, of unfading remembrance, and many hopes of meeting again. From that moment the sisters became aware that they really had something to hide, and could keep a secret from each other. It was sad for the count that he could only attain his object the evening before their departure from the house of quarantine; for the poor fellow had still to remain a whole week there—a week in uncertainty, with all his unaccomplished wishes!

Good Matteo was right glad that their detention was at an end, for he had remarked that the health and gaiety of his darlings had suffered much in the Lazaretto; he often found them thoughtful, and their nurse, who had accompanied them, told him that they frequently sat for hours together without exchanging a word. And this silence in two young women—two Maltese!

The father thought they would soon resume their old habits, but we have seen that this was not the case, and it even became worse when the fiancé paid their betrothal their usual homage. And when the approaching wedding happened to be mentioned, their annoyance and impatience increased to such a height that all around them were perplexed and grieved.

It only requires one single step from one secret to a thousand. With that one step the entire confidence and unity of soul, which formerly bound the sisters, was broken.

Magallon became the confidant of the sensitive Matteo; she listened to his complaints of her sister, and heard them without being angry with the complainant; she even admitted to him that he had a right to be displeased.

Peppa listened as calmly to the haughty accusations which Colechontis made to her of the caprices of his Magallon, and she for the first time remarked that her sister was indeed capricious. Thus both characters gained opportunity to develop themselves independently, and to distinguish themselves from each other; the unity of their thoughts was for the first time disturbed, and the almost characteristic uniformity which until now had existed between them had disappeared. The unconscious sobriety which had awoke them from stupefaction had to each a soul and a heart.

Oh, notwithstanding the wonderful resemblance of their features, the quick-sighted Frenchman would now only have required a single hour to penetrate the peculiarities of each and to make his choice.

Uncertainty, longing, uncertainty, and all the usual and secret torments of love, had made Magallon's disposition severe and harsh. She had become haughty, serious, suspicious, violent, and passionate, but she displayed at the same time a strength and firmness which could only belong to a great and lofty mind.

Peppa, on the contrary, was subdued by her silent and secret sufferings; she lived amidst sadness and hidden tears. More gentle and more patient than ever, she seemed to seek, with her melancholy, dreamy eyes, for some support against which she might lean in her feebleness. She had become weak, but her weakness was that of an elastic nature, which is not crushed by sorrow; it was like that of the ivy and the vine, which twine softly and lovingly, but firmly, round the twig which constitutes their support.

One evening on which the poor girls had had to endure as many reproaches from their father as from their betrothed, both, with unanimity which for a long time they had not felt, sought to enjoy the fresh air upon one of the broad balconies of the house, which commanded a splendid view of the sea and the Street San Giovanni.

They silently watched the twilight red of evening, which in Malta lasts longer than anywhere else. Their thoughts found vent in different ways; Peppa sometimes sighed, and her eyes were full of tears, while Magallon's firm, fiery glances were fixed on the sea-side, and a proud, gay smile played round her lips. At length she broke the silence, seized Peppa's hand, and said, "You are sad, Peppa, and I know why. You have been cross again to poor Matteo, and now you are suffering from self-reproach."

But Peppa shook her head, and gently drew back her hand as she replied, "I might think the same of you, although you are so gay. You act with undeserved severity towards good Colechontis. He sometimes complains of it to me, for he seeks comfort from me."

"He complains to you! Well, Matteo expresses himself discontented with you to me, and his love won't last much longer."

"The saints grant it may not!" sighed the damsel.

"I wish I could only hope the same of Colechontis!" added Magallon.

"But why do you say so? Why do you hate Colechontis? He does not deserve it."

"He is a Greek, and hates the French, whom I love," added she, haughtily and openly. "But why have you become alienated from Matteo?"

"He! he hates the Emperor of the French," answered she, less frankly and more timidly. "But, Magallon, do you hate all the French, or—"

The end of the question died upon her lips. Then Magallon said in a determined manner, and with perfect confidence, "Well, since you ask me the question, I will tell you what you must learn one of these days. You remember the young French count—he was called St. Elme—whom we met every evening on the promenade?"

"Remember!" sighed Peppa, as she languidly raised her black eyes.

"Well, him I love!"

"Poor, poor sister! Alas! he asked me if I could give him my love—and I feel only too well that I really love him."

"The base wretch! And he said the same to me, the evening before we left the house of quarantine!"

"On the same evening he put that question to me, and we told each other adieu!"

"But, tell me, what did you answer him? I could not reply one word, for my father came and took my arm."

"I was silent because I did not know what I should answer. Now I should know well, for now I am convinced that I love him, and I have determined to tell my father so, if he only—"

"If what, Peppa? You have not, like me—"

"I have determined to tell my father so, if he only—"

"What? Like you? What have you done, sister?" asked Peppa, anxiously, and trembling.

"He wished my oath as a remembrance, but I laughed, and said, 'You would no longer be able to distinguish me from my sister if I gave it to you!' However, when I got here, and I felt how dear he was to me I began to reflect how I could satisfy his wish. I had heard that my father was going to forward him some Sicilian wine, which is not to be had in the Lazaretto; I therefore took advantage of the opportunity to send him a dash, which was exactly like mine, and wrote him along with it, 'Wear it as a token of my love!'"

"And did I not do the same, unhappy one?" exclaimed Peppa.

"He begged me for the dash which I wore; I refused to give it him; but when I afterwards discovered that I could not live without him, and heard that Matteo was sending him some things which the count wished from the town, I laid it in the parcel, and a little note with it, in which I wrote, 'Wear it, if you love me!' But, alas! he does not love me, for he has not answered me!"

"How could an answer possibly reach us from out of the house of quarantine? But we shall get the answer to-day, for this is the twentieth day of his stay in the Lazaretto, and to-day he is free."

"I know that right well. But can he come so soon as to-day?"

"Can love delay? And did he not promise our father that he would pay him a visit directly after the quarantine was over?"

"Love, did you say, sister? But how could he love us both at the same time? Since I have known him, I have taken an aversion to Matteo."

"And I hate Colechontis. But he does not love us both, that is impossible. He is either a wicked man, who is making sport of us, or he hesitates in his choice. For we do resemble each other too much."

"Unfortunately he could now immediately distinguish us from each other. I am no longer the gay being I once was."

"You have become pale, Peppa."

"And your cheeks and eyes are brilliant with heightened colour. You at least have retained your beauty."

"This is vain talking, Peppa. Your paleness becomes you very well. One thing, however, I pray you, sister; if he wears the dash, then—"

"Let us not hate each other; nor should he appear in my room."

"I promise you," said Magallon, with a firmness which sprang from the secret hope that she would be the victor.

And they shook hands with each other with a sincerity which perhaps was the most generous on Peppa's part, for she dared not hope that the count would give her the preference.

"Now let us pay all attention; he must come up the Strada Giovanni. Thus we shall soonest learn our fate."

"If he would only come," sighed Peppa, and she gazed with the suspense of intense excitement and the utmost anxiety upon the rocky steps which led from the sea to the town.

Assuredly this was the last time that the twins were to stand thus united in thought and action, for as soon as Jules should appear, an abyss of pain and pleasure, accomplished wishes, and disappointment full of despair, must open between them, which never could be filled up again.

At length Magallon's conjectures were realized. The young count appeared in the distance. Everything swam before Peppa's eyes from the violence of her feelings. Magallon gazed firmly and fixedly at the approaching Jules.

Now they saw him distinctly, entirely; he wore—neither of the two love tokens. But did they not deceive themselves? He came towards the house.

"He is coming to us!" cried she, as she impetuously seized the trembling Peppa by the hand. Let us hasten to the reception-room; we must have certainty."

They soon were down stairs. Old Paolo was gone out. They found the count alone.

"I could not choose, at least so quickly, beautiful signoras!" cried he. "Pardon me, I pray you!"

"So—neither of us? Both deceived! Both sported with! But we shall be revenged!" cried the haughty and passionate Magallon, without listening to him further, convinced only of one thing—that

he wore neither of the tokens; and she rushed wildly past him to Matteo.

Peppa, on the contrary, had sunk, deadly pale and fainting, upon a sofa, as she exclaimed, "No vengeance, sister! He kills me, but I forgive him!"

With one glance the quick observer penetrated the souls of both the girls, and he felt deeply how much more Peppa's pale cheeks were to be preferred to Magallon's glowing ones; he perceived the whole strength and tenderness of the soul which, though so much wounded, could yet forgive; while the other only followed her wild passion, and only demanded satisfaction for her wounded vanity. Now his choice was made, his determination taken. He knelt beside the fainting Peppa, and recalled her to life with the sweetest words. And when she could hear and understand him again, he poured forth to her everything quieting and tender that his love could suggest, and much rejoiced he was that his experiment had ended so happily.

Although it may appear odd, still it is easily explained how Magallon and Matteo forgot their mutual disappointment in love, under whose influence the cautious youth slowly suppressed the beautiful Maltese's plans of vengeance, and at length made her entirely forget them. This alliance pleased the good Paolo, the more because it was the only means by which he could bestow upon his adopted son the portion due to a child. The count, therefore, received the father's consent to his marriage with Peppa, and not long after she accompanied him to France. It is true she did not shine in the first circle of Paris, but she was the means of surrounding her husband, at his beautiful country seat, with a happiness such as he had never dared to anticipate or to hope for.

The Court.

The Queen, her royal highness the Duchess of Cambridge, their royal highnesses Princesses Helena, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the Private Chapel, Windsor. The Rev. C. Farver, Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated.

Earl Granville arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and royal family.

RETURN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by Mrs. Grey, Colonel Knowles, Colonel Keppel, and Dr. Minter, disembarked from on board the royal yacht Osborne at the Pier of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, at half-past two o'clock on Monday afternoon. The royal party left Antwerp at one p.m. the preceding day, and had a favourable voyage till two o'clock on Monday morning, when it became rather squally, and they anchored off the Girdler Light till ten o'clock, and then steamed up the river.

In accordance with a telegram received by Captain Gordon the previous night, from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the pier steps at the Woolwich Arsenal were covered with awning and bunting, and the pier with cloth. But few restrictions were observed in reference to the admission of the public to the Royal Arsenal, and large numbers were assembled on and about the pier to welcome the return to England of their future King and Queen. The police arrangements were conducted by Chief Inspector Brine; but their services were scarcely required, as the utmost order and decorum prevailed throughout. Large numbers of the workmen were allowed out of the various workshops, and flags waved from the different departments in the Arsenal, Dockyard, Town Hall, &c. The Osborne came in sight at two o'clock by rounding Trickcock Point, when a royal salute boomed forth from her Majesty's flag-ship Flagard. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Major Elphinstone, was present to receive the Prince and Princess, having ridden over on horseback from the Ranger's House, Greenwich Park, for the purpose. General Warde, commandant of the Woolwich garrison; Commodore Superintendent Dunlop, of the royal dockyard; and Major-General Hopkins, aide-de-camp to her Majesty, were in attendance to receive the royal couple. In consequence of low water, twenty minutes elapsed before the Prince and Princess could disembark from the Osborne, which was in command of Staff Commander Bower, the total number on board being sixty persons. On reaching the pier their royal highnesses were received with the warmest demonstrations of welcome, which the Prince acknowledged by lifting his hat, and the Princess by bowing with a sweet and gracious smile. Having taken their seats in an open carriage, his royal highness, as they drove off, rose and bowed to the Arsenal workmen assembled, which was the signal for a round of hearty cheers. Outside the Arsenal gates, in Beresford-square, several hundred persons had congregated and welcomed the royal couple with loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, which the Prince and Princess graciously acknowledged. The Prince and Princess looked in excellent health, her royal highness being attired in a blue brocade dress, brown seal skin mantle, white bonnet, and black veil, which but slightly concealed her features.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDENING.—Proceed with the principal work out for last week. Get manure wheeled on to the quarters where it is required, and get all spare ground well trenched. Cut down asparagus close to the surface of the ground; hoe and rake off weeds; cover up the beds with a good coating of rotten horse-dung; and throw over the whole a covering of earth from the alleys. Clean and dress herb beds for the winter, and throw over a slight coat of rotten dung to protect the roots from winter frosts. Admit air freely to endive and lettuce in frames, and sift dry dust carefully amongst the plants to absorb moisture and prevent mouldiness.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Give pinks and carnations plenty of air and light, as close confinement will make them sickly, while a slight frost will not hurt them. Take up roots of lobelia, &c., and store them in a frame or boxes, until they require potting, in the spring. Plant and train all hardy climbing plants against walls, arbours, &c. Lose no time in planting tulips, if not already done. Look over ranunculuses to see that they are free from damp; also, look over pits and frames on a fine day, pinching off top shoots to keep the plants dwarf and bushy.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Proceed with pruning and planting, as previously advised. Fit in wall-rooted suckers of raspberries in well-manured soil, and remove old stems that have borne fruit this year.

A MOTHER AT FOURTEEN.—In his last report to the Registrar General, the registrar for Park district, Sheffield, says:—"I have registered the birth of a child in my district this quarter, the age of the mother being only thirteen years and ten months. She was employed in a cotton mill in the neighbourhood of Manchester."

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Varieties.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—To call a drunken groom a stable man.

IMPORTANT STRIKE.—The beggars have all struck. They will not receive less than a three cent piece.—*American Paper.*

A ONE-SIDED JOKE.—A lady requested her husband's permission to wear rouge. "I can give you permission, my dear," he replied, "only for one cheek."

A NATURAL REMARK.—A bystander, seeing chickens hatched by the hydro-incubator, was astonished at the achievement, and wondered whether their mothers knew they were out!

DIPLOMACY.—The art of saying something when you have nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you have really something to say.

In a discussion with a temperate lecturer, a toper asked—"If water rots your boots, what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?" "I wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging on his pillow. "Well, suppose I try the water cure," said his wife, throwing a pillow at him.

INCORRIGIBLE.—A young lady was told by a married one that she had better precipitate herself from the fall of the Passaic than marry. "So I would," replied she, "if I thought I should find a husband at the bottom."

GARRULOUS men are commonly conceived, and will be found (with very few exceptions), to be superficial as well. They who are in a hurry to tell what they do know will be equally inclined, from the impulse of prevailing habit, to tell what they do not know.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"You say, Mr. Snooks, that you saw the plaintiff leave the house. Was it in haste?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know what caused the haste?" "I'm not quite certain, sir, but I think it was the boot of his landlord."

"That will do, Clerk, call the next witness." "Uxorious," "Pray, sir," said Lady Wallace to David Hume, "I am often asked what age I am; what answer should I make?" Mr. Hume, immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning, said, "Madam, when you are asked that question again, answer that you are not yet come to the years of discretion."

SWEET MARGARET came up the lane from picking the ripe red berries; and met young Paul, comely and tall, going to market with cherries. Stopping, she blushed, and he looked flushed, perhaps 'twas the burden they carried; when they passed on their burdens were one, and at Christmas they were married.

MAGNIFICENT.—"Was night—the storm clouds rolled in fierce grandeur a'bout the dusky gloom of the stagnant air—nature seemed to be dying—the dissolution of a world seemed near at hand; it was indeed a frightful night. Horror and terror walked abroad, and so did Jerry Schutes, hunting his bridle o'w in the clover field, near old Mug's cider-mill."—*American Paper.*

PROFOUND THOUGHTS.—To-day is the to-morrow of yesterday, and will be the yesterday of to-morrow. Even your own boom-maker cannot tell where the shoe pinches you. A promissory note is often as worthless as a policeman's oath. We never know what may happen! The hope of to-day is not unfrequently the disappointment of the to-morrow.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—Frenchmen are good talkers; Englishmen good listeners. It is rarely you meet with a Frenchman who can listen as well—or even, half as well—as he can talk. The two gifts may be combined in an Englishman, but in a Frenchman never. Your Frenchman may cease talking, he may allow you five minutes to have your say; but then do not flatter yourself he is listening to you, he is only thinking of what he shall say when you have finished.

IGNORANCE.—A FACT.—Not a hundred miles from Worcester, in a small village, a poor woman, the wife of a labouring man, lately lost her only child, about five years of age, and was inconsolable at the loss of her boy. The clergyman of the parish, a very kind-hearted man, called on the poor woman to console with her on the occasion, and endeavoured to persuade her how much better her child was off by being taken out of this wicked world, and not to regret at her deprivation. "Ah, poor dear boy, I dare say he is better off in being taken to Beelzebub's bosom."—"Beelzebub's bosom, my good woman! You mean Abraham's bosom."—"Well, I suppose you are right, for you know the two gentlemen better than I do."

THE WRONG DOCUMENTS.—A gentleman was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantel-piece in his sitting-room and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as ordered, retaining the articles to be used as he would be directed, and off started the gentleman, seating in the footman with cards wherever "Not-at-homes" occurred. As these were quite numerous, he turned to his servant with the question "How many cards have you left?" "Well, sir," said the footman very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts and the ace of clubs!" The poor fellow had taken the wrong "documents."

LIFE.—Life is everywhere—in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the earth we tread on. Nature lives—every pore is bursting with life, every death is only a new birth, every grave a cradle. And of this we know so little, think so little! Around us, above us, beneath us, the great mystic drama of creation is being enacted, and we will not even consent to be spectators. Unless animals are obviously useful, or obviously hurtful to us, we disregard them. Yet they are not alien, but akin. The life that stirs within us, stirs within them. We are all "parts of one transcendent whole." The scales fall from our eyes when we think of this; it is as if a new sense had been vouchsafed to us, and we begin to look at nature with a more intimate and personal love.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ABROAD.

A LETTER from Brussels thus describes the arrival, &c., of the royal couple in that city:—

"We have a halt of nearly half an hour at Vervier, half troublesome and half pleasant, for the baggage is examined, and thus there is time to eat a morsel at the excellent buffet of the station. Carriages are changed as stiff Prussia is here left behind, and busy Belgium entered. I do not know if the Prince of Wales's baggage was exempt from this troublesome search, but if his portmanteaus were arranged on the platform, and his servants showed the keys, I expect the formalities were thereby considered fully complied with. In the case of all of us I never saw a more civil search or one which gave less trouble or inconvenience. Possibly, we of English tongue owed the unusual cordiality of the Custom house officers to the illustrious company in which we travelled. The Prince and Princess retired during the delay here to the private apartments of the station-master at the end of the building, and they had, I believe, some light refreshments. When the Belgian carriages, to which all were obliged to be transferred, drew up at the station, a number of people collected on the platform, making an open passage between them for the advance of the Prince and Princess to the rather dingy compartment which was provided for them. In a few minutes the door at the end of the building is quietly opened, and the Prince and Princess come out and walk across the platform to the carriage, a number of royal servants standing near the door. I may as well mention, for the benefit of the ladies who honour my poor letters with a perusal, that the Princess was dressed in a royal blue silk or tulle robe, which was so long behind as to sweep the ground as she approached the carriage. The mantle was a dark brown warm one, of pile velvet, and the bonnet was white, high on the head, and I think trimmed in green. The dress was so simple that her royal highness was seldom recognised by strangers, and as to the Prince, even when he was pointed out to people, they did not believe it was he. Foreigners accustomed to see great people buttoned up in uniform could not well understand that the gentlemanly-looking young man who walked across the platform with his cigar in his mouth, and wearing a short blue morning coat and a wide-awake hat, was the Prince of Wales, the heir of the great kingdom across the water. From Mechlin to Brussels is no long journey. We seem to fly over the ground and to reach the pretty city in a few minutes. Passengers are kept in the carriages for a moment and then the side door is pointed to them as their place of exit. The glass doors of the front entrance at the same time slowly open, and exactly as the train stops two officers in brilliant uniform and with uncovered heads advance down the platform, draw themselves up opposite the carriage in which the Prince and Princess of Wales are still seated, and make a low reverence. Immediately after these officers two gentlemen in plain clothes, of unusual stature and of dignified mien, walk quickly to the carriage. One of the elder of the two, who is still young, a handsome and beautifully-dressed lady leans. They are the Duke of Brabant and his duchess, who came to represent his absent father, and gracefully to welcome his royal cousins to the Belgian capital. The other gentleman who accompanies him is the Comte de Flandre, his younger brother. The Prince quickly alights from the carriage, and he shakes again and again the hand of each of the Belgian princes, and the two royal ladies also seem to meet on the most cordial and familiar terms. During the first few minutes of this interview the Comte de Flandre held his hat in his hand, as did all the gentlemen present, except the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Brabant. A little family procession is now formed. The heir to the Belgian crown leads the way, supporting on his arm the Princess of Wales. The Prince of Wales follows, with the Duchess of Brabant leaning upon him, and the younger Belgian Prince brings up the rear amongst the suite. Of those who accompanied the Belgian royal family on the platform, and who were present to receive the Prince and Princess, I noticed the well-remembered figure of Captain Bower, the commander of the Osborne yacht. The gallant officer had already brought round the ship to Antwerp, and came up to receive the royal commands as to the time of embarkation. Outside the terminus were drawn up several of the Belgian royal carriages. Into the first, a superb vehicle, drawn by four horses and preceded by outriders in scarlet liveries, were handed the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Brabant. There was a friendly struggle at the door of the chariot, the Prince of Wales insisting—after the two ladies were seated—that the duke should enter first. But the duke being at home, hospitably persisted in giving precedence to the Prince. The illustrious party drove to the town palace, where they were splendidly entertained at dinner by the eldest son and representative of the King. Later in the evening the whole party went to the Theatre Royal des Galeries St. Hubert to witness "Le Misanthrope et l'Avare," in which the principal performer is M. Brasseur, the famous comic actor of the Palais Royal Theatre of Paris, who is just now playing for a few nights at Brussels. The Prince and Princess seemed to enjoy themselves wonderfully in this and three other pieces in which M. Brasseur acted the principal part."

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